Vol. CXXXIV. No. 1742.

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THE BYSTANDER, MAY 5, 1937.

The BYSTANDER

Dinner, Dance and Cabaret: a Coronation Going-Out Guide

Pictures from the Royal Academy

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FRANCE—*continued*

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GERMANY—*Continued*

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Walchensee Strandhotel Fischer.—Facing beautiful lake, Alps. Every comfort. Pens. from 7 Mk.

Wiesbaden.–Hotel Schwarzer Bock.–1st-cl. fam. Hotel. 300 beds. Med. bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pens. from Mk. 9.

Wiesbaden.–Htl. Nassauer Hof.–World-rnd. Finest pos. Opp. Park and Opera. Wiesbaden Spr'gs. Patd. by best Brit. Soc. Pen. fr. 12 M.

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Wiesbaden.–Hotel Rose.–World renowned Htl., own bathing establishment. Patronised by English & American Soc. Pen. fr. 11 Mks.

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Geneva. — Hotel Richemond. — First-class family hotel, overlooking lake. Most up-to-date. Rooms from Frs. 5.50.

Lausanne.–Belvedere House–Best position. First-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive from £4.0.0.

Lausanne.—Hotel Meurice.—On the lake. 100 beds. The best First-class hotel. Incl. terms 10/-. Garden, Garage.

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The Bystander, May 5, 1937 No. 1742. Vol. CXXXIV.

The Bystander

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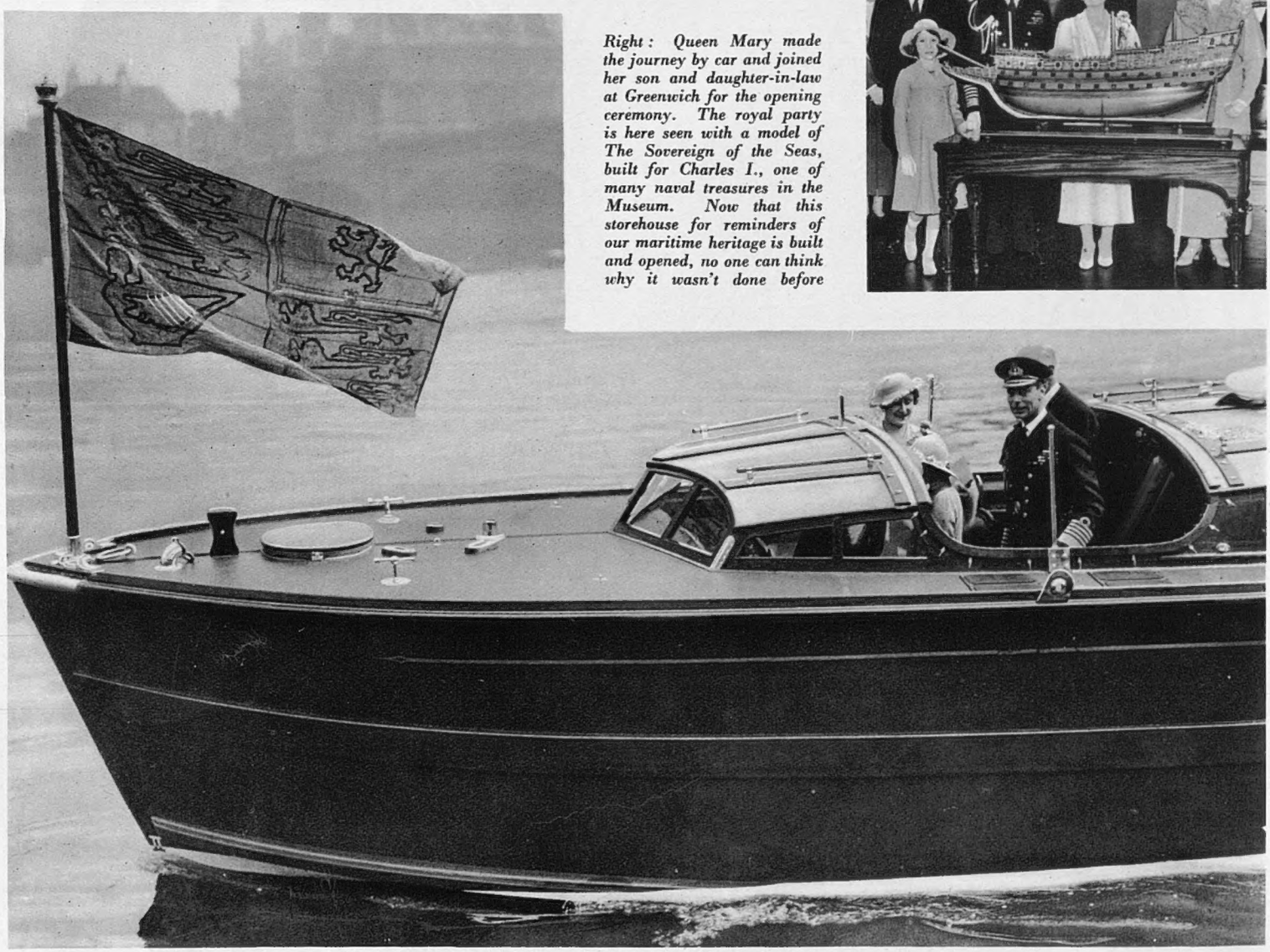
Miss Merle Oberon

This portrait of Merle Oberon is by Gerald L. Brockhurst, A.R.A., and is one of his contributions to the Royal Academy this year. The Summer Exhibition at Burlington House opened to the public on Monday; the Private View Day was last Friday. More Academy pictures are on pp. 202-3 and 204

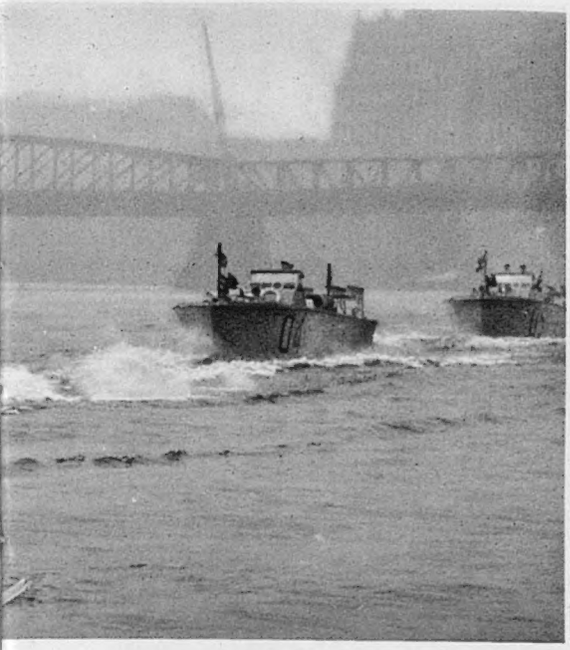
Coronation Prelude

The King Goes by Water to Open the Maritime Museum at Greenwich

Right: Queen Mary made the journey by car and joined her son and daughter-in-law at Greenwich for the opening ceremony. The royal party is here seen with a model of The Sovereign of the Seas, built for Charles I., one of many naval treasures in the Museum. Now that this storehouse for reminders of our maritime heritage is built and opened, no one can think why it wasn't done before



The Royal Passengers in the Forward Cabin of The Nore



London's river saw its first share of royal pageantry since 1919 when the King, accompanied by the Queen and Princess Elizabeth, went by water to Greenwich from Westminster Pier. Large crowds on banks and bridges saw the royal barge slide rapidly downstream—a modern contrast to its earlier predecessors with their scarlet oars

The Pool of London Was en Fête

The Nore, led by a Port of London Authority launch (out of the picture) and escorted by four motor torpedo-boats, was given a great reception in the Pool. Crews aboard the decorated ships cheered orderly, crowds on the bank cheered disorderly, siren operators blew off pounds of pressure. In the foreground is the Wishart, first destroyer up for the coronation, who had dented her stern in an action against some barges a few days previously

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE destruction by aeroplanes of the ancient Basque capital, Guernica, has appalled most of the world. The bombing, according to eye-witnesses, was organised with great skill and carried out exactly according to plan. Market day was chosen, when the town was full of peasants from the surrounding country, and the bombardment began at a time when the market-place was crowded. The *Times* correspondent has described the new technique of warfare against a civil population. "The rhythm of this bombarding of an open town was a logical one: first, hand-grenades and heavy bombs to stampede the population, then machine-gunning to drive them below, next heavy and incendiary bombs to wreck the houses and burn them on top of their victims." Within three hours this historic city was utterly destroyed.

AT the moment at which I am writing, there is a considerable mystery surrounding this dreadful affair. General Franco's headquarters are said to have denied that the General was responsible for the bombing. At first they were reported to have denied that any bombing took place at all, and to have said that the Basques set fire to their own town. But it is now agreed that bombing and machine-gunning took place. The Basques themselves have specifically accused the Germans of organising and carrying out the attack, and it certainly seems that German aeroplanes were used. Whether they were manned by German airmen has not yet been proved or disproved.

THIS week's bulletin from the Lord Palmerston front: General Franco's radio stations have announced that all ships, of whatever nationality, seen within three miles of the Spanish coast, will be bombarded if they do not stop when ordered to do so by his warships. The Board of Trade has passed the message to all British ships.

THE present position of the National Defence Contribution, as Mr. Chamberlain's new tax is officially called, is obscure and puzzling. The City of London obviously dislikes it intensely, partly because it dislikes any new tax on profits, and partly because the proposals seemed to be unfair in their incidence. The Chancellor, who is a man of flexible mind, has been impressed by the City's objections and has announced that he is prepared to make certain concessions. As he himself pointed out, there is always a difficulty in obtaining the best advice about a new tax before Budget Day because of the necessity of keeping the Budget secret.

THE Labour Opposition objected to the tax on the grounds that it is going to dislocate industry and worry stockbrokers. So the House of Commons had the singular experience of listening to Socialists pleading on behalf of high finance against the Budget of a Conservative Chancellor.

THE owners of the coal royalties got a nasty shock when the Government announced the figure at which it intends to buy them out. The owners, at the beginning of the negotiations, asked for 150 millions, and it was understood that the Government might be prepared to give them ninety. There was long haggling, at the end of which the owners dug their toes in and flatly refused to consider a penny less than 112 millions. Now the Government has suddenly announced that it does not care in the least where the owners dig

The New Ambassador in Berlin

Precursor of the Cabinet re-shuffle, there has been a minor General Post in the F.O., when Sir Nevile Meyrick Henderson went to Berlin in succession to Sir Eric Phipps, who has been appointed to Paris in succession to Sir George Clerk. Sir Nevile, photographed just before he left, has seen the world in H.M. Diplomatic Corps in St. Petersburg, Rome, Nish, Constantinople, Cairo and S. America

Howard Coster

Mr. Eric Gill, A.R.A.

Eric Gill's appointment as an Associate of the Royal Academy was announced early last month. As well as his work in sculpture and engraving, he has published four or five books on æsthetics and ethics; is a Roman Catholic, lives at High Wycombe, has four children

their toes in, and that it is going to fix the figure at 66 millions. This has staggered all the die-hards in the country. One can imagine the hullabaloo that would have been raised if a Socialist Government had made this drastic cut.

SCOTLAND, "that distressed area," as Mr. George Malcolm Thompson called it in the title of his book, has no cause to complain about the allocation of the building contracts for the three new super-battleships. The Jellicoe is to be built on Tyneside, but the Beatty goes to Govan and the Anson to John Brown at Clydebank.

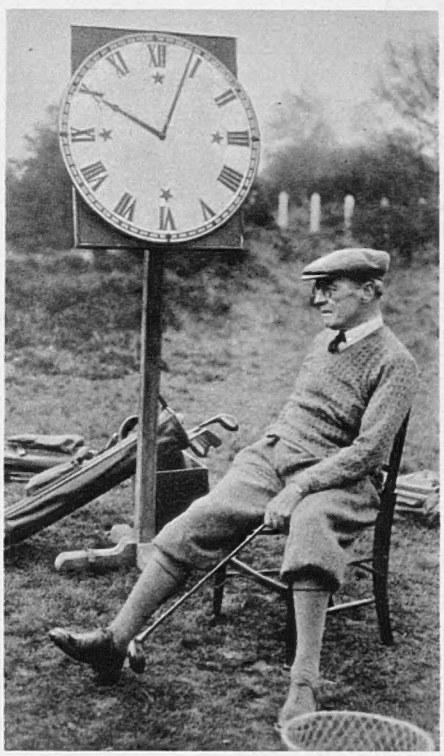
THE new Civil List represents, indirectly, a victory for Mr. A. P. Herbert. Last year he protested very strongly against the Chancellor's refusal of State-aid of a few more thousands for the distinguished men of letters and artists, or their surviving dependents, who have fallen upon evil days. Mr. Herbert described the Chancellor's refusal as indecent, and triumphantly defended his use of the word by pointing out that its exact meaning from the Latin was, "not fitting." In the new Civil List there is to be an increase in the pensions of about £40 a year. It is not much in all conscience, but it is a step in the right direction.

ON the other hand, Mr. Herbert is not having much luck with his Marriage Bill, the design of which is to make our divorce laws easier. After weeks of patience in the Committee stage, Mr. Herbert only failed to get it through the Report stage by about twenty minutes, and it looked as if he would get sufficient time on another day to complete that stage. But the "all-night" sitting of the House on the Special Areas Bill overlapped into the next day's hours and automatically cancelled the whole day. Unless the Government give special facilities to Mr. Herbert his chances of reaching the Statute Book are likely to be thin.

NATURALLY I cannot make any comment on the Red Max trial itself which is going on in Paris while I write, but reading the reports made me marvel once again at French criminal procedure. Last year I sat through the famous trial at Aix-en-Provence of the three Oustachis who were accused of complicity in the murder of King Alexander. I was staggered by the procedure. The judge was also senior prosecuting counsel, or seemed to be, and whenever the defence scored a heavy point, somebody for the prosecution instantly followed with a long history of Franco-Serbian friendship.

OXFORD University has altered its mind about the celebrations in honour of the bi-centenary of the University of Göttingen. Oxford had resolved to send a delegate to it, but has now decided not to. As a result not a single British university, except Durham, will be represented. By an odd coincidence, the present chancellor of Durham University is Lord Londonderry.

MR. WEDGWOOD has discovered that the parsons of Pinhoe, near Exeter, have received one Saxon mark a year for the last 936 years. Apparently the annuity was given to the Church for Masses for the dead in the battle of Pinhoe, and the donor was our old friend Ethelred the Unready. I sincerely hope that Mr. Wedgwood's impending questions in the House did not mean that he is going to try to abolish this delightful survival. The Saxon mark, it seems, stands at present quotations on 'Change at sixteen shillings. Anyway, that is what the vicar gets now, though, of course, he has to pay income-tax on it.



The Upper House Takes a Rest

Lord Justice Maugham was photographed at the easy during the Parliamentary handicap tournament at Walton Heath; he fell in the first round to Mr. Beverley Baxter, handicap twelve

"THE TAMING OF THE SHREW" has come off in spite of strenuous attempts to save it. The trouble was that the stalls did not support it. The rest of the house was full all the time. There is, undoubtedly, a Shakespeare public in London, but apparently it does not live in those residential quarters which supply most of the stall-holders in the West End. Presumably the rest of the house was filled by the intelligent playgoing London which supports the Old Vic and Sadler's Wells.

THE Winter Garden Theatre is to follow the Alhambra. At least it is not going to be entirely demolished, but all the inside is to be torn down and a restaurant-theatre on new lines is to take its place. It takes one back, laddie, it takes one back. Just as George Robey presided at G.H.Q., Alhambra, so in the early days of the Winter Garden (was it just before the Armistice, or just after?), Mr. Leslie Henson was the monarch.

THE film industry in this country has heaved a pretty considerable sigh of relief over the judgment given by Mr. Justice Crossman that Mr. Alexander Korda has not infringed the copyright of Alfred Savoir's play, *La Petite Cathérine*. The law of copyright to film studios is as black a nightmare as the law of libel is to authors and journalists.

THE huge suspension bridge across the Golden Gate at San Francisco has been completed and the last rivet, made of gold, has been driven into it. This bridge may be a triumph of engineering, but it certainly spoils the beauty of one of the most famous beauty-spots in the world. The Americans seem to have taken particular pains to spoil the harbour of San Francisco, not only with the two new iron bridges, but also by putting a Federal prison on the little island of Alcatraz in the middle of the bay. It is thus impossible to admire the view without being reminded all the time that the worst scoundrels in the whole country are in front of one's nose, so to speak.

IT is impossible not to admire the chivalrous way in which Mr. Wyndham Lewis dashed last week to the rescue of Mr. Timothy Shy in the latter's brawl with Mr. Bernard Shaw. Mr. Lewis's defence of the *News-Chronicle's* witty commentator is all the more praiseworthy in that Mr. Shy is, in a manner of speaking, a professional rival of our own commentator.

BY the time that this appears, the Cup Final will have been played, and what is technically known as "the Reign of King Willow" will have begun again. I always admire those who can play cricket in the grim north-east wind which is blowing at this moment. My own first match is going to be on August 2nd.

Mrs. Constant Lambert wore a white dress with a Coronation scarf of red and blue. She is the attractive wife of the ballet company's popular conductor

Lady Rose Paget hardly misses a performance. She is learning ballet dancing in the Wells school

Miss Olive Melville Brown talked to Mr. Frederick Ashton, who is responsible for the choregraphy of the new ballet, Lord Berners' "The Wedding Bouquet." Ashton's brilliant "Les Patineurs" was also in the programme

Audience for Ballet

A First Night at Sadler's Wells

Right: Captain "Bobby" Jenkinson and Mrs. Congreve, both regulars at the Wells, were just going to look at the exhibition of Theyre Lee-Elliott's ballet pictures

Capt. R. C. Jenkinson and Mrs. John Congreve

Miss Ruth Gordon, the American actress, and Miss Ursula Jeans, who have both worked for Miss Baylis at the Old Vic, were in the very gala audience

Right: Lord David Cecil, Mrs. Poppet John, Lady David Cecil, and Mr. Cecil Beaton were four more who went to see "The Wedding Bouquet" which set the house rocking with laughter

Mr. Allhusen and the Hon. Claudia Betterton

Derek Swithin Allhusen married Lord and Lady Rushcliffe's younger daughter, Claudia Betterton, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. Mr. Allhusen is in the 9th Lancers, the second son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Frederick Allhusen, of Fulmer. They are honeymooning in Sicily

Mr. Flower and Miss Lydia Huth

Peter Hugh Flower, Coldstream Guards, only son of Mr. Hugh Flower and Mrs. Flower, and Lydia Josephine Huth, younger daughter of Major and Mrs. Geoffrey Huth, of Wan's Dyke End, Ham, Marlborough, were married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks

Mr. D. Greenaway

Derek Greenaway and St. Margaret's wedding honeymoon. He is Sir way's elder son; she is and Mrs. R. Cyril Lockett,

Round the Restaurants

The "Bystander" monthly Going-Out Guide — "Dinner, Dance and Cabaret" — will be found on pages A to H before the Frontispiece.

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

OBVIOUSLY the brightest moment of the season so far was when the rather overpowering Hollywood lights focussed on the Duke and Duchess of Kent at Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball for the debutantes. The Duchess, with her unerring dress sense achieved a perfect contrast with the white dresses of the debs, by her after-Winterhalter dress with long flounced train of brown net with gold star sequins. Her diamond earrings almost touched the shoulder-straps.

Two young marrieds, the Hon. Mrs. John Strutt and the Hon. Mrs. James Lindsay, were applauded for their skill in marshalling two hundred and sixty Coronation debutantes down the stairs and up. The procession of all those white-clad seventeen- and eighteen-year-olds was quite entrancing.

The mothers wore tiaras, never seen as a rule at charity balls. Air-conditioning for the first time prevented that restaurant feeling, while the girls could escape to the other ballroom where the band was relayed.

Prize to America

THE West was awake, for Lady Devon and other noted West-Country hostesses had large parties, and we saw all the Yorkshire Ridings and half Scotland. High lights among the debs included Lady Oxford's granddaughter, Princess Priscilla Bibesco—three generations of her family were present—Mary Rose Charteris (likely to be as popular as her sisters, Lady O'Neill and Lady Long), several half-American or wholly American debs (including Lady Mary Acheson, Cynthia Toulmin and Tracy Haight), Lady Carolyn Howard, Mrs. Eddie Compton's attractive Mary, Lady Honor Vaughan, Lady Alexandra Egerton and Lady Ann Stuart-Wortley. And, of course, an attractive American heiress won the first ballot-prize.

A Tireless Dancer

A FOURSOME seen going the late-night rounds recently consisted of Lord Howland, heir to the Dukedom of Bedford, young Mr. Coats, whose father, the late Captain Jack Coats, was always aptly described as the millionaire sportsman; the Baroness Von Kreiger, of the exquisite, sylph-like figure and blonde colouring; and the diminutive Lady Keith Fraser. The latter, who is apparently tireless on a dance floor, does the most intricate rumbas and cariocas.

Embroidered in Patent Leather

HERR KOMMER'S corner might describe one particular table at the Ritz these days, for, when visiting London, the uncrowned King of Salzburg entertains there daily at luncheon.

Mrs. Edythe d'Erlanger, Sir Michael Duff-Assheton-Smith and Lady Castlerosse, wearing a high-pointed black-and-white cap and an ultra-smart black suit embroidered with black patent leather, were among those occupying the favoured table recently.

Mrs. Henry Tiarks, in a similarly trimmed dark-blue suit, was at another table that day. Her time is divided just now between sitting to Mr. Brockhurst, A.R.A., and planning out the charming house that she and her husband are building, in St. John's Wood. From June and July these lucky young people have taken a villa near Biarritz.

A Bridesmaid Thrown In

A NEW ballet always arouses interest, and when it is the work of so brilliant a personality as Lord Berners, it attracts even more attention than usual. Sadler's Wells was packed for the opening night of his new *Wedding Bouquet*, which is a rollicking affair in an Edwardian setting.

In addition to the romantic young couple of the theme, there is a despairing "other woman" and a tight bridesmaid (literally) thrown in.

Robert Helpmann scored a great personal success as one half of the couple, and we liked particularly, a graceful and eminently strokable little dog.

In spite of the excellent acoustics of Sadler's Wells, we wished we had heard more of Miss Stein's obviously humorous words, sung by the mixed choir standing at one side.

Pink and Pearly Beads

MAYFAIR went out to Islington in force on this occasion, and we had an opportunity to admire the clear-cut profile and neat head of the Hon. Mrs. Reggie Fellowes. Her long-sleeved, dark-blue dress had a deep "front" and wide cuffs of closely clustered pink and pearly beads that looked like shells.

The Duchess of Westminster, looking particularly handsome in an imposing silver fox cape over a patterned lamé dress, arrived with Lady Mary Herbert.

Mrs. Farquharson of Invercauld, and Mrs. Gilbert Miller, were members of a large

and Miss Lockett

Sheila Lockett had a and have chosen Italy for Percy and Lady Greena- the only daughter of Mr. of 58, Cadogan Place

Mr. Donald Stuart and Miss Betty Hicks

Donald Stuart, the Gordon Highlanders, son of the late William Stuart and Mrs. Stuart, of Luffness, the Mill House, Aberfeldy, and Betty Hicks, daughter of Sir Seymour and Lady Hicks, of 1, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, were married at St. James's, Spanish Place

Princess Alice was at the Dundas Christening

And was godmother to Alice Kirsty Dundas, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Dundas' baby daughter and niece of Sir Philip Dundas. The other god-parents were Mrs. Peter Reid, Mrs. A. Murray Smith, Lord Morven Bentinck and Mr. John Goring

party in the second row, and further back we noticed Lady Diana Duff Cooper, her Dresden china beauty enhanced by the little black sequined veil she had thrown over her head.

Rebuke from the Gallery

It may have amused Sir Thomas Beecham, who was also at Sadler's Wells that night, to hear the gallery's indignant "ssh" when some of the stalls came in late and talking after the interval. No need in this theatre for the conductor to rebuke noisy ones; the "gods" permit no liberties to be taken once the overture begins.

Italian Nights

Visiting friends in the intervals is an old Covent Garden custom revived, though Italian nights no longer see dim lights left on, with polite murmuring in the boxes, stilled only during the arias.

Lord Berners, sniffing the period atmosphere of the old Donizetti opera, was receiving congratulations on his latest ballet. Mr. Osbert Sitwell, who was with Lady Aberconway, wearing fur over her red dress, was there, and Lord Gerald Wellesley, both men having just met at Windsor Castle at a "dine-and-sleep."

Lady Esher was enjoying Mafalda Favero's enchanting voice, and Lady Cunard, Mrs. "Sachy" Sitwell, Mrs. Audrey Parr, Lilian Baylis, Gertrude Stein and Mrs. Harrison Hughes were there in a very appreciative audience, though there were mixed opinions about Gabriel Wolkoff's scenery, very Italian-Glamis at times.

Guarding Their Health

Perhaps it was Miss Florrie Forde's rendering of "I Do Like to be Beside the Seaside," at the "High Spirit" Ball the other night that made us think of spending last Sunday at Brighton.

Lady Preston, intent on maintaining the genial atmosphere created by her late husband at the Royal York, certainly succeeds in keeping up the old tradition.

The Bolton Wanderers were all there guarding their health for the big final, and were besieging Miss Francis Day for autographs when last we saw them.

She had motored down to guard her own health for her ordeal in the witness box during the following week.

Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Sandys, who had spent the morning inhaling real ozone in a swift motor-boat, and Mr. Eddie Tatham, smothered in Sunday papers in a deck chair on the pier, were others we saw.

Sleepless But Patriotic

Coronation stands, poles, awnings and balconies mean bedlam just now for us unfortunates who live on the processional route.

Builders and carpenters are enjoying a field-day and are hammering away at all hours.

Anyway, the numerous poles make the West End every dog's idea of heaven, and we, filled with patriotic gala sentiments, think nothing of these sleepless mornings.

Club façades grow daily more decorative. White's, in St. James's Street, with its red, white and yellow colour-scheme, vieing with Boodle's Royal blue and gold frontispiece a few doors down.

"Where are you seeing it from?" is the question on everyone's lips, followed with far less interest by: "Whitsun after—where are you going?"

Farm Redecoration

Coronation decor is attracting all our attention at the moment. The Farm cocktail room attached to the grill at Lansdowne House, possesses perhaps the most diverting decoration of any.

Lady Furness and Mrs. Gloria Vanderbilt, who have now gone to Vienna, were at a cocktail-party there given by Captain Jumbo Jolliffe.

Miss Irene Mann-Thompson, herself a hostess at cocktail time last week, was also at Captain Jolliffe's party.

Copied from a Print

Quaglino has swept away his Swiss mountain scene, and replaced it with a charming picture of George III. returning from hunting, with Windsor Castle in the background.

Mr. Dick Thomas, who is responsible for this Coronation idea at "Quag's" will be remembered by "Warwickshire-ites" as having produced amateur performances of *The Bat* and *77, Park Lane* at the Shakespeare Memorial a year or two ago. Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke were among the performers and Beryl Buckmaster, who we are glad to hear is slowly recovering from her terrible fall in Ireland.

Miss Shelagh Harley, the artist actually responsible for the new picture, has very cleverly kept the figures of his Majesty and suite in the foreground in the exact proportion of the original old print.

MISS PEEPS

Lt. Courage, R.N., and Miss Philippa Standish

It was a naval wedding, with a naval guard of honour, at St. Andrew's, Meonstoke, between Richard Henry Courage and Philippa Standish. He is the younger son of Com. and Mrs. A. V. Courage, of Offham House, Lewes; she is the youngest daughter of the late Major W. P. Standish and Mrs. Standish, of Meonstoke Manor, Hants.

Weddings of the Week

Both at St. Margaret's, Westminster

Mr. Peter Oldfield and Lady Elisabeth Murray

Peter Oldfield is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Carlton Oldfield, of Moor Hill, Harewood, Yorks. Lady Elisabeth Murray is the younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Dunmore. They were married at St. Margaret's on Thursday last week, and have gone to the South of France for their honeymoon. The bride's ivory slipper-satin dress was designed by her and made in the shop where she has been working ; she had two pages and four little bridesmaids in white and blue. The bridegroom had his brother, Michael Oldfield, as best man. The reception was at 16, Bruton Street

Lord William Scott and Lady Rachel Douglas Home

Two days earlier Lord William Scott and Lady Rachel Home had their enormous wedding at St. Margaret's, with a reception at Bridgewater House, lent by Lady Ellesmere, the bride's aunt. Lord William Scott is the Duke of Buccleuch's brother, and M.P. for Roxburgh and Selkirk. Lady Rachel Home is the younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Home. She wore oyster-tinted satin and carried a sheaf of magnolias, and had a retinue of children in periwinkle blue. The bridegroom's sister, the Duchess of Gloucester, was at the wedding with the Duke of Gloucester, and Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone. For their honeymoon, Lord and Lady William Scott have gone to Scotland, and are going abroad later

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 18

Major Crankshaw

IT was the late Lulu Harcourt who said in polished phrases that much of the charm of hospitality is lost when the exact details of its expense are made public to the world. The fact remains that Major Eric Norman Spencer Crankshaw, C.M.G., is responsible for the spending of over three hundred thousand pounds on behalf of the Government in private hospitality to distinguished visitors. Of this sum the Coronation (and the Imperial Conference) is responsible for forty thousand pounds.

Major Crankshaw has only one arm. He left the other at Ypres. This disability is entirely disregarded by him. His recreations—as you will see from books of reference—include hunting, shooting, fishing, and even cricket. He is an Old Etonian, and joined the Royal Fusiliers in South Africa in 1906, having previously gone through the Militia. After four years of peace-soldiering there he went with his regiment to Mauritius, where he married his late wife. India claimed him until the war broke out. After losing his arm he joined the Signal Service, went to France again, and became Camp Commandant of the 4th Corps under Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson. The war over, he was chosen to arrange the billeting necessary for the Supreme War Council at Versailles. Lloyd George was responsible for this. He next became Private Secretary to Winston Churchill ("A perfect man to work with") at the War Office. When Mr. Churchill went to the Colonial Office Major Crankshaw found himself posted to a battalion, so, knowing none of the officers, sent in his Papers, and for eight years lived in Yorkshire, leading the life of a country gentleman. Then Winston Churchill became Chancellor of the Exchequer. A few weeks later Major Crankshaw was offered his present job. That was in 1929, and one of his first official guests was the Sultan of Zanzibar, whom he still regards as probably the most charming visitor he has ever had the pleasure of entertaining officially. This year he is personally responsible for the comfort of nearly a thousand visitors to London, ranging from Rajas to typists.

Major Crankshaw lives in Royal Avenue, Chelsea. He has grizzled hair and a creased smile. He likes the theatre and the cinema if he can ever get to them, which is seldom. He eats as little as may be and drinks nothing at all. He still hunts in the winter and plays lawn tennis in the summer, when possible. His job calls for infinite tact.

Take, for instance, the Nepalese Mission which arrived last week. Its members are of such high caste that they cannot be seen eating in public. This means that when they go to the races at Newmarket they cannot even visit the dining-car in the race train which takes them there.

IN the course of his eight years as official host to the British Government, Major Crankshaw has made a number of discoveries. The chief is that the smaller the nation or the official, the more fussy it (or he) becomes. His official duties are so arduous that he has no time for his tailor or his hairdresser. It is with infinite difficulty that he is able to visit his property in Ireland, and every year life grows more complicated for him. Though Lancaster House is the regular place for dispensing his official hospitality (with its own footmen, wine butlers, chef, and cellar), his assistance and his knowledge of precedence is borrowed by almost every official Government body. His only foreign language is French. His official hours—10 a.m. to 5 p.m.—are a farce, and his secret is a mixture of personal charm and patience for which there is no recipe; but for which the British Government, I trust, is duly thankful.

Charles Graves

Debutante Front

A Very Civil War

By Miròn

On the outbreak of civilities on the Pont Street sector of the Home, or Debutante, Front in March, the Bystander decided that the social public would expect the fullest reports from both sides so that the truth would be impartially ascertained by comparing and halving the claims of the contending parties. There were already familiar rumours of social atrocities and hardships.

From the outset Mayfair was determined on Social Non-Intervention as the only sound policy if we were successfully to face the severities of May. An invisible cordon was thrown around every debutante dance and all chaperone luncheons and boy-girl-meets.

But in spite of these good intentions there has been a steady infiltration of young-marrieds and recruits of the International Brigade (mostly Americans) into the most adolescent of debutante-dances.

At first the scattered warfare was conducted by patriarchal bodies—it is a moving sight to see a large county family concentrating for an attack in the open at a point-to-point. Now we see a more up-to-date conflict with the mothers advancing in twos and even fours to the assault with all the resources of mechanised entertainment methods. Scattered sniping is, however, still to be found near the Hay Hill *massif*, where nests of exclusive mothers have given much trouble to advance parties endeavouring to clear up.

The Supplementary List, that dread epidemic, has laid many plans low and a mother's brave smile at her cocktail-party may conceal a heavy heart. For a hundred debutantes of 1937 are on the List—i.e., they will not be presented this year, however presentable. They must come out like any American girl does in the States—their mothers must present them to their friends . . .

There is a widespread notion that a thousand debutantes or more are presented every year. Statements to this effect appear regularly, hardy annuals of the gossip-writer's herbaceous border of near-facts. But we have examined the actual Court lists for many years and cannot find as many as four hundred annual debutantes — the remaining presentations are of young matrons on their marriage, Diplomatic, Colonial, Services, officials' wives. And barely three hundred debs are of the slightest social consequence. It is for these that the Very Civil War is waged. For these the caterers lay their nets, the photographers (complimentary-sitting fiends) plead by letter (and often on the telephone), the nicest stores suggest a year's credit, the mothers' intrigue and struggle, the bands out-do themselves, the champagne-drummers offer an inexpensive line, the house-agents select adjectives derided by A. P. Herbert.

"She's only on the supplementary list"

Multiple-Hostesses extend their eager (almost too), motherly arms at the top of the stairs to the reluctant guest who is wondering which is Lady X and which is Mrs. Y. He is also speculating whether, having danced his danse obligatoire with the daughter of his dinner hostess, offered his humble sacrifice, as it were, he will be so lucky as to find a backstairs to facilitate a quiet departure to a much better party at the Four Hundred. If only he can escape, unpursued by horrified cries of "Surely you're not going yet?"

"Multiple-hostesses extend their eager, motherly arms"

Eight Maids of Honour at Queen

***Rosemary de Wend-Fenton** is the daughter of Major William Ross de Wend-Fenton and Mrs. de Wend-Fenton, of Underbank Hall, Yorkshire, and Oldbury Grange, Shropshire; her father is Master of the Fennistone Harriers*

***Maureen Dunville** is the late Capt. Robert Dunville and Mrs. Francis Curzon's daughter. Her father was in the Grenadier Guards; her mother is Lady Jane Combe's daughter—married Lord Scarsdale's uncle and heir in 1922*

***Lady Alexandra Egerton** is the fifteen-year-old Earl of Wilton's only sister, daughter of the late Lord and Lady Wilton: comes out under chaperonage of her aunt, Mrs. Crocker Bulteel, has a dance on June 3rd*

***Anne Stopford** is Vice-Admiral the Hon. Arthur Stopford and Mrs. Stopford's daughter. Her father, who was Naval Attaché at Washington from 1925-28, is Lord Courtown's elder brother*

" Untouchables " — last season debs as wallflowers

He knows he is the Enemy, but he means to put up a game fight. He was always a marked man—while still at Eton his holidays were made gay by far-seeing mammas who brought down their girls—future debutantes—to make the Right Friends. The result of this early spade-work for the sub-debs is seen now, for our Young Man is in a select nucleus of eligibles with past joint memories—all most binding—of Eton, Henley, Oxford, house-parties in Great Houses. The odd thing is that whenever he speaks of accepting for a dance given by someone outside this magic circle, a delightful alternative supper at the Savoy is devised for him on the spot.

It is dawning on him that he is a Social Prisoner, kept so busy that he can't accept for Grade B. (homogenised, mixed-up) parties . . .

ALL GRADE A. HOSTESSES believe in Savoy suppers of twenty as being more subtle and entertaining than an ordinary ball. Our Young Man may beat last year's record of 93 dances and 72½ dinners, if he is the local Robert Taylor, but he is bound to become sophisticated if not spoilt by his experiences. What he must learn is strategy—in such tactics as lift-technique—" Do you know how to make an automatic stick ? "—and how to snipe from the back-stairs as well as enfilading from the darkened, windy balcony. He has learnt to sup early if the girl can't dance well enough, and if she is inarticulate—a sad but frequent defect—he will be resourceful, though on what to do with these morons, opinion is divided. " Of course, if she is the daughter of the house, you are stuck, and there is nothing to do," it is explained. " Try to interest her for the first five minutes, which is good for her, for who knows, you may improve her outlook. Don't encourage her inferiority by taking a too obvious line. The ' Awfully-hot-isn't-it ? ' gambit, if incorrected, may ruin her conversationally for life."

True social ambulance workers are some of our young men as they work nightly over the raw material presented to them as dinner- or dance-partners.

" Try shock tactics ! " advised one. " Be bold." *Should Debs strip-tease ?* is a stimulating opening. Or go high-brow—she will not forget you, though maybe that isn't too good, either. " If all fails," said another, " talk of yourself, think aloud ; she won't listen, or, if she listens, she will not understand but will always be grateful."

THEY'RE THE UNTOUCHABLES, the Post-Debs, and this year there have been great hardships bravely, silently borne, among last season's Debutantes, as many of the Coronation Mothers have made it a rule to squeeze out the older girls—at least, for the dinners. Hence the almost morbid fear entertained of 1937 Debs by the Post-Debs. It gets them down in the end.

Refugees from the social zones have fled in large numbers into trade and from Bruton Street to Maddox Street there is not a hat shop, not a " gift department " that has not cheerfully accepted its quota. You can always recognise them because they are (too) kindly and (too) tall, usually falling coltishly over a packing-case at the back. Nor have they the faintest notion of the stock or the prices . . .

There is, of course, a lighter side to the conflict. There is the Tale of the Two Mothers, fierce rival chaperones who found their respective dances clash. So each secretly changed the date of her own dance and telephoned the Press. Monday's famous *Times* list revealed to the amused, critical gaze of several hundred mothers that our two dears had chosen the same night for their new date. . . . There was, too, the mysterious incident of the girl-with-measles who was, so some allege, deliberately sent to a dance, not the first instance of frightfulness . . . a social form of gas-attack.

And so the very Civil War drags on, the oldest of all social struggles and the most amusing—to watch . . .

SKETCHES BY MOLLY BISHOP

Charlotte's Birthday Ball

***Sheila Graham** is Lady Evelyn Patrick's daughter by her first marriage. Her father, Captain Miles Graham, M.C., was in the Household Cavalry ; through him she is a granddaughter of Lady Askwith*

***Eve Patrick** is Sheila Graham's half-sister, daughter of Mr. Mark Patrick, M.P. for Tavistock, and Lady Evelyn Patrick. Her mother is Lord Lovelace's eldest sister*

***Judith Rosemary Villiers** is Major and Mrs. Oliver Villiers' daughter. Her father is senior assistant on the Civil Aviation staff ; served in the R.A.F. in the war. Mrs. Villiers was a Miss Heber Percy*

***Babette Hamilton Smith** is Lord Colwyn's only granddaughter, daughter of the late Hon. Frederick Hamilton Smith and Mrs. J. F. Hardy-Smith ; her brother, Frederick John Vivian, is heir to the barony*

Photographs by Bassano, Cannons of Hollywood, Catherine Bell, Hay Wrightson, Kay Vaughan, Lenare and Vandyk

" Eton daylight raids " — future deb making " the right friends "

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"Black Limelight" (St. James's)

THE major misfortune of Mary Charrington was that she did not attract a very nice type of man. In the first place there was her husband, who travelled (figuratively rather than literally) in refrigerators and probably found his wife a bit of a refrigerator, too. Anyway, he picked up with a sexy little Cockney and, jaunting week-endishly with her in a seashore bungalow, proved no less foolish than unfaithful. For when one night he returned from buying some candles and found her corpse in a pool of blood, what did he do but take to his heels and go into hiding, thus inevitably arousing the suspicion of everybody but his wife and the real murderer. Therefore, the police, concluding that he must be the Dorset Killer, this being but one of a series of similar sensations, drew a cordon around the house of Mrs. Charrington—which cordon, by the way, the innocent delinquent penetrated with surprising ease when he stole home at the end of the first act.

IN the second place, there was Lawrence Manfred, her solicitor, who had been in love with her for years. His gentle manner was, however, merely one of the appearances that are notoriously so deceitful. For Lawrence Manfred was, beneath the surface, a homicidal maniac whose tendencies were periodically exacerbated by full moons. All the Dorset murders had been committed in the dark when the moon had come full circle; and when the moon came full circle again in Act III., and Mary Charrington was alone in the dark, and he knew that she had discovered his guilt, then was the time for playgoers to grip their seats.

For the last two murders committed, or attempted, by Lawrence Manfred there were such understandable motives that one rather wonders why he waited for the full moon to perpetrate them. Apparently he did not need a motive when there was a full moon. Did he need a full moon when there was a motive? This part of *Black Limelight* is too abstruse. It is further complicated by the suggestion that Manfred can only see to do a murder in the dark (but with a moon) minus his spectacles, so that when, these spectacles off, the electric lights are suddenly switched on, he can't see a thing. This much, however, is perfectly clear—that Manfred was a bad hat who thoroughly deserved what was coming to him when the police laid a heavy hand on his shoulder; and that Mary Charrington's life-story, which was running in the Sunday papers, was cheap at £750.

MR. GORDON SHERRY, who wrote this piece, arouses our interest more successfully than our excitement. I am afraid that my seasoned blood refused to curdle. But the badgering of Mary Charrington by detectives and reporters is admirably presented—and it is here that Miss Margaret Rawlings acts her best. Hers is not a very consecutive performance. It is like a series of shots which leave us waiting while she reloads. But she hits the bull's-eye many times and we give her high marks until, as the sexy Cockney (for she doubles these two parts), she just strides up to the target and bowls it over with her hand. For the rest, Mr. Lawrence Anderson as the real criminal artfully allays suspicion and Mr. John Robinson as the erring husband might have been born in a bungalow. There are also good performances by Mr. George Merritt from Scotland Yard and by Miss Ethel Coleridge as a sharp-tongued servant who insists on delivering herself of a good line every time she departs for the kitchen.

Murderer: Lawrence Anderson, a gentleman who sees in the dark

Murderee: Margaret Rawlings, a lady with a past but no future

Sketches by Rouson

Innocent suspect and arm of the law pointing in the wrong direction: John Robinson and George Merritt

Anthony

Lord Berners and Gertrude Stein—Ballet Collaborators

These two, plus Sadler's Wells' choregrapher and performers, are responsible for one of the most gaily fantastic productions that ballet has seen for many a day. Idea, music, dresses and decor of *The Wedding Bouquet* are Lord Berners'; the words of this "ballet with voices" are Gertrude Stein's. The theme, treated with irrepressibly frivolous mockery, is a provincial wedding in France; no character is permitted to make an entrance unscathed by Gertrude Stein's descriptive lines. The principal dancers are Robert Helpmann as the bridegroom, Mary Honer as the bride, Margot Fonteyn as the bride's rival, Ninette de Valois as an incredible maid called Webster. Frederick Ashton, always brilliant in burlesque, is the choregrapher. The ballet was given its first performance at Sadler's Wells last week

Brother Petch
By George Belcher, A.R.A.

The Bag
By George Belcher, A.R.A.

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The Gyppos
By Dame Laura Knight, D.B.E., R.A.

Greta Garbo in "Anna Karenina"
By Robert Greenham

Left:
The Caddie Master
By T. Martine Ronaldson

T. M. Ronaldson had the famous Sheridan of Sunningdale as sitter for the portrait on the left

Model Resting
By David Jagger

Coronation Picture Show

The Royal Academy Exhibition of 1937

Sun Bathers
By Sir John Lavery, R.A.

A Game of Patience
By Meredith Frampton, A.R.A.

Ophelia
By Gerald L. Brockhurst, A.R.A.

Miss Curigwen Lewis as Jane Eyre
By Harold Knight, R.A.

Yvonne Arnaud
By T. C. Dugdale, A.R.A.

A Mirror to the Stage

Four More Pictures at Burlington House

Below: The London Palladium
By Dame Laura Knight, D.B.E., R.A.

Jane Baxter
By W. G. de Glehn, R.A.

Portrait of Lady Morris

Sergei Rodzianko painted this portrait of Lord Morris's attractive wife, and it will be shown in his exhibition at Frost and Reed's Gallery in King Street, St. James's. The Exhibition will be open from May 24th (private view) until June 5th. Rodzianko is a Russian painter who now works in London; some of his portraits have been on show in the Royal Society of Portrait Painters' Exhibition. Lady Morris was Jean Maitland-Makgill-Crichton before her marriage in 1933; her husband, the second baron, succeeded two years ago; he was a barrister and is now a solicitor. They have two daughters

The·CORONATION·ROUTE

·showing·the·main·historical·connections·with·English·Royalty·

STREET
Regent Street was laid out by architect Nash for George IV.... 1813 - 1820
Regent Street
Here Edward I erected last of nine Crosses on resting-place of Queen Eleanor's coffin on journey to Westminster
St. Martins Church built by George I. who was churchwarden Nell Gwynne buried here
L. MALL
Cockspur St.
Charing Cross
NORTHUMBERLAND AVENUE
The Horse Guards
Here is held Trooping the Colour on the Kings Birthday
WHITEHALL
Victoria Embankment
Charles I. executed in Banquet ing Hall 1649. Also Charles II died here
The Cenotaph
THE THAMES
Parliament Square
BRIDGE STREET
Westminster Hall built by William Rufus in 1097. Rebuilt 1397 by Richard II who added the Oak Roof
St Stephen's Chapel originally built by King Stephen and rebuilt by Edward I. On the suppression of the monasteries was converted into a House of Commons. Destroyed by fire 1834
Henry VII added this chapel to the Abbey 1502 - 1519.

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Films of the Day

A Naval Miss-fire: By George Campbell

SHAKESPEARE, remarked a critic once, can drop a handkerchief and freeze our blood. Herbert Wilcox, in *Our Fighting Navy*, blows a battleship to pieces without inducing a perceptible quickening of the pulse. Not, let me add, that this new patriotic melodrama is wholly devoid of interest. It is well meant, well timed and, up to a point, well produced. Where it falls down is in the story and the acting. To measure the importance of the script-writer and director you have only to see the same players in an average British picture and then in one made in Hollywood. Men who have always struck you as the dullest of dull dogs suddenly take on strength and the most engaging humour. Young women who habitually walk through their rôles with the hearty but vaguely patronising air of games mistresses doing a little play-acting for a rag suddenly emerge as creatures with intelligence and glamour and charm.

"OUR FIGHTING NAVY" was directed by Raoul Walsh, a slick and experienced director who used to play tough guys as well as direct, until one night fate played the queerest of pranks on him. He was driving back across the desert from location when a jumping jack-rabbit bounced right through the windscreen. A piece of glass took out one of Mr. Walsh's eyes, and his acting days were over.

As the man who made *What Price Glory?*, *The Cock-Eyed World*, and plenty of other successes, he might have been expected to make a better job of *Our Fighting Navy*, and I can only assume that the co-operation of the Admiralty, the Navy League, and so forth, has been too much for him. The British subjects are all delightfully pukka, the rebels are dirty Dagos to a man, situation follows situation with a clockwork precision that would be admirable at manœuvres but does not exactly conduce to suspense and the thrill of the unexpected. The general air of theatricalism that hangs about the production is all the odder when you realise that there is nothing essentially improbable about the story. British warships have been evacuating British nationals (detestable word!—why don't we all say "subjects"?) quite lately, and the challenge of a British light cruiser to a foreign armoured cruiser was paralleled off Bilbao.

GRANTING, then, that the plot might have been more ingeniously contrived, the trouble is mainly in the script and acting. Robert Douglas makes a fine, manly figure of the British captain, though a gleam of humour here and there might have helped to humanise the fellow. Noah Beery, always at his best in swashbuckling rôles, is very amusing, in a conventional way, as the dictator tough enough to withstand all attempts at assassination until they hit him with a 15-in. shell. H. B. Warner does well as a British Consul; and Richard Cromwell, imported from Hollywood to play a lieutenant whose accent is explained (as it was in *Bengal Lancer*) by a Canadian up-bringing, tries manfully to develop a little humour and love interest. Of Hazel Terry I need only say that he finds her in every way unresponsive.

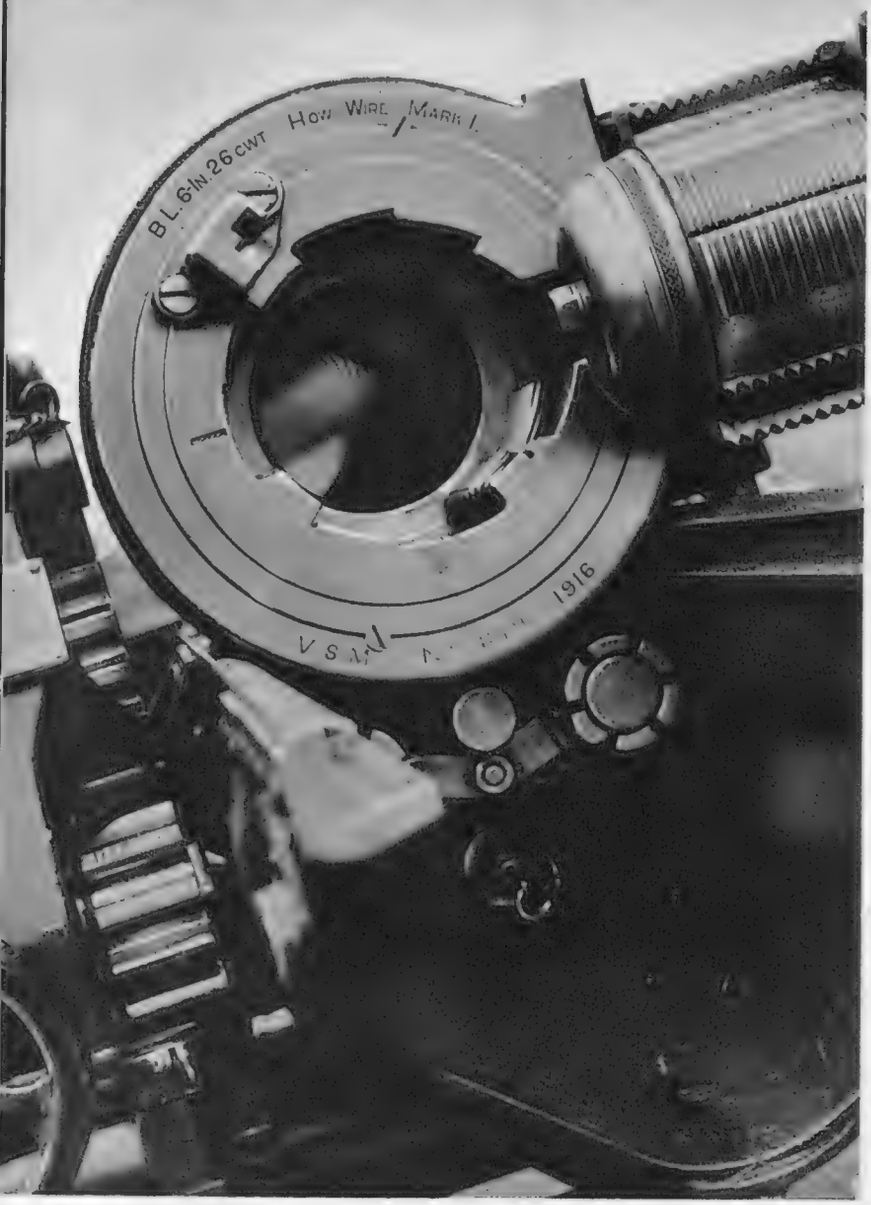
THERE is no more essential originality in *The Man in Possession* or *More Than a Secretary* than there is in *Our Fighting Navy*. Why, then, are they better entertainment? One answer, of course, is that *The Man in Possession* has Jean Harlow and Robert Taylor in the cast, and *More Than a Secretary* Jean Arthur and George Brent—all four first-class light comedians.

But there is more in it than this. Analyse both comedies and you find that, familiar as the dish may be, it is expertly seasoned and as expertly served. The actual events are no more likely to happen than those depicted in *Our Fighting Navy*—in fact, on the whole, less likely; but once grant the initial improbability, which any audience is perfectly willing to do, once accept the plane on which the action is taking place, and the rest is as near real life as makes no difference. It doesn't matter tuppence how peculiar your characters are as long as they are consistently peculiar. The people in *The Man in Possession* and *More Than a Secretary* are hardly the creations of genius, but they have the sovereign merit of being true to themselves. In a word, they have style.

HOLLYWOOD fashion note: "A service station for rubberised silk tuxedos has been established for the dancing beauties in *Broadway Melody of* 1937, starring Eleanor Powell and Robert Taylor. Every day the dancing darlings of the screen report to be vulcanised. Every few hours they are devulcanised, too, so that they can cool off. Expert vulcanisers from a Culver City tyre shop are doing the work, supervised by wardrobe experts. Ed. Oland, from the studio garage, is chief vulcaniser. The rubberised tuxedos are used in one of the big dancing numbers. Because rubber is very heating, especially under lights, the girls have to emerge and cool off every so often. Hence the unvulcanising. The boys admit they like their job more than fixing punctures in tyres."

Françoise Rosay of "La Kermesse Héroïque"

Witty, with a sparkle and intelligence enviably French, alive to her finger-tips to the limitless power of an attractive, clear-sighted and determined woman, the Flemish Burgomaster's wife as Françoise Rosay plays her is one very good reason why the brilliant "Kermesse Héroïque" is now in the seventh month of its run. The American National Board of Review voted this film the best of 1936, and London evidently agrees since no other film for a very long time has been so immovably successful. Françoise Rosay is the wife of Jacques Feyder, the director of the Dietrich-Donat film "Knight Without Armour." She was originally a star of the Paris Opera, speaks fluent English and German, and is now making a picture under her husband's direction



The Breech of a 6-inch Howitzer

18-Pounder Ammunition Waiting for the Off

Tug-of-War with a 60-Pounder

When the 60-pounder is fired, the recoil digs the trail into the ground, and the gun-crew have to clear their "machine" for its next performance by dragging it forward

With the Services

The Army: No. 2. The Big Guns

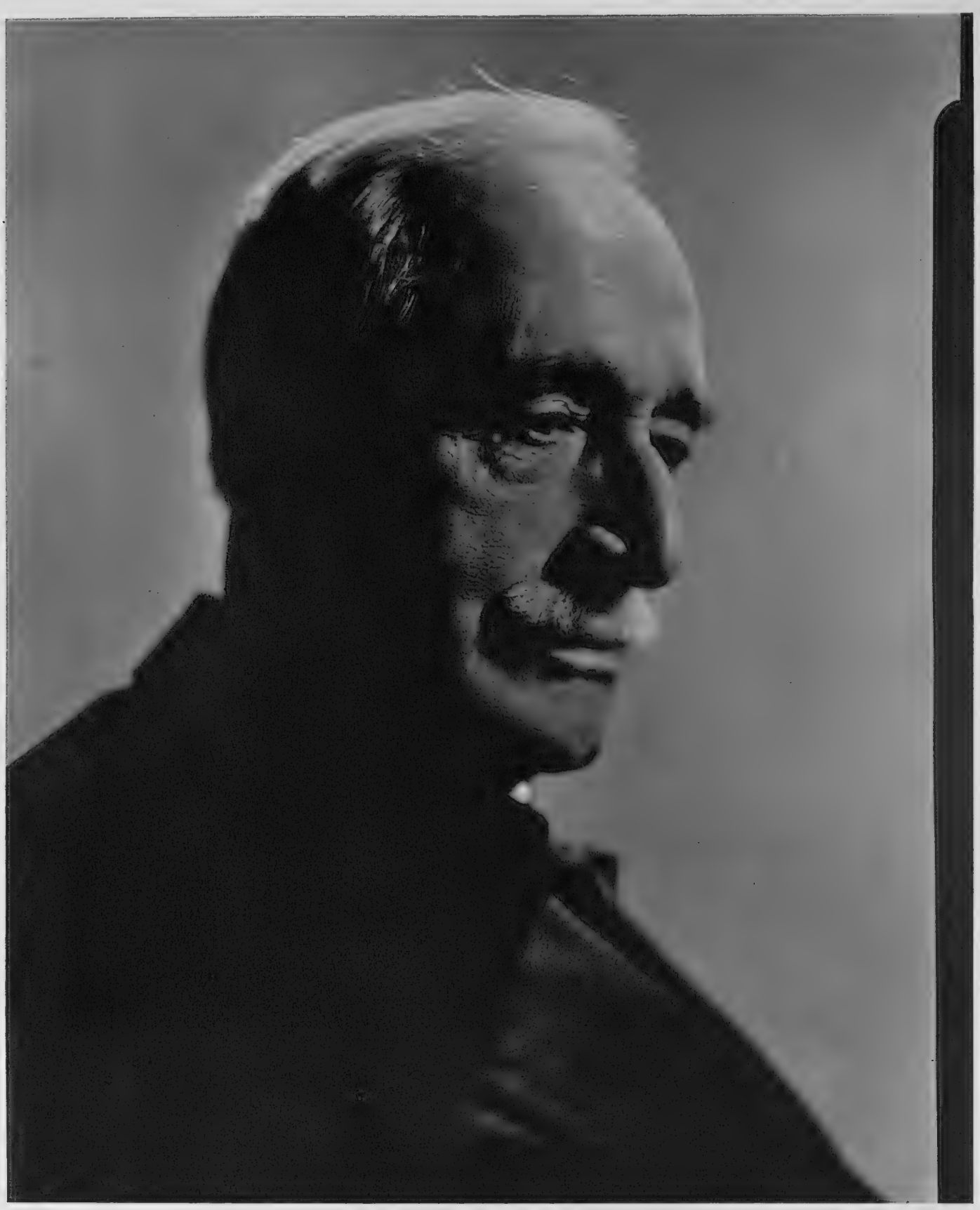
These big-gun photographs, like the machine-, Lewis, and anti-aircraft gun pictures last week, were specially taken for the "Bystander" by Norman Parkinson at a demonstration at Larkhill on Salisbury Plain. They form part of a series of photographs illustrating the work of the three Service arms

Photographs by Norman Parkinson

Forward, March!

Ultimately, on active service, an army still "marches on its stomach," but it's not obvious when a modern unit moves off in its covered wagons

Left: loading a 60-pounder: its ammunition goes into the gun in two parts—first projectile, then explosive, whereas the 18-pounder ammunition is all in one. Those big pneumatic tyres on the gun are something very new; their use is still in the experimental stage



Howard Coster, London

Sir William Llewellyn, President of the R.A.

The man who has been the focal point, in the last month, of so many artistic hopes and fears was born in 1863. He was educated at South Kensington under Sir E. Poynter, and at Paris under Ferdinand Cormon, Lefèbre and Ferrier, and so was launched his career as a portrait painter, which landed him on one of the highest peaks of the day, as President of the Royal Academy and painter of the State portrait of Queen Mary. His Presidency dates from 1928, and he was made trustee of the National Gallery in 1933. He is also (ex officio) trustee of the British Museum and the National Portrait Gallery. His honorary fellowships cover the English world of art pretty comprehensively, and his foreign decorations include those of Holland, Italy and France. He was knighted in the year of the Armistice, had married at the age of thirty, has a son and a daughter, lives in Campden Hill, is a keen golfer and motorist

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

QUAINTEST Crack of the Year: Mr. Lloyd George's statement, accompanying a gift of £250 towards a food-fund for the population of Bilbao: "I, too, am a Basque. The Welsh and the Basques are of the same race." Which seems to show that the venerable Welsh politician must have been curling up with H. G. Wells's *Outline of History* or some other 'citing children's book, because the Welsh belong to the same race as the Basques about as much as they belong to the same race as the Finns or the Chinese. In fact, it would be difficult to think of two races less related in any way than the emotional, impulsive, provincial, vociferous Nonconformist Welsh and the stolid, silent, proud, Conservative, devoutly Catholic Basques; leaving aside for the moment the fact that the recondite, agglutinative Basque language is unique in the world, and has no Celtic affinities whatsoever. Having mingled with both races fairly often, we can only conclude after further reflection that Mr. Lloyd George's secretary got the Basques mixed up with the Bretons, who—though they too resemble the Welsh about as much as we ourselves resemble Shirley Temple—are at least of Celtic stock.

Another way—out of 57—in which the Basques differ from the Welsh is that they don't sing all the time, employing magnificent voices in the rendering of fifth-rate music. They are a people of action rather than of words, and they love sailing and fighting and violent games. Over a thousand years ago they inspired the Song of Roland by smashing up Charlemagne's rearguard in the mountains, and echoes of that ancient pride could be detected in the broadcast the other day by Don José-Antonio de Aguirre, President of the Government of Euzkadi, calling all Basques and appealing to the Pope. If Mr. Lloyd George really thinks he is a Basque, we can only conclude that, as a persistent golfer, he 's got the word mixed up with "bisque," which is often used at Walton Heath. Another kind of bisque is a fish-soup, but we shouldn't think he 'd want to be that.

Firemen's Hey

EXTRAORDINARY people seem to be arriving in London for the Coronation every other day. We saw a Press photograph last week of a clergyman dressed in South-Sea costume and carrying a huge shark's backbone, representing our Pacific possessions; in which attire and carrying which weapon he apparently—unless we read the caption wrongly—proposes to walk in some procession, for some reason or other. The next day we saw that firemen from twenty-two countries are also expected to join in the festivities. A Foreign Office reception and all sorts of entertainments are planned for them, with one curious omission. Nobody seems to be contemplating starting a big fire to amuse them with. One would imagine this was the obvious climax to a week of pleasure, and one could readily suggest a few buildings eminently adaptable for this purpose. The right idea would be to spring it on the firemen as a surprise after dinner on their last night in London. Packed swiftly into fast cars, they 'd find a fleet of fire-engines, and every sort of fire-fighting appliance waiting for them at a given point; then hurrah, hey, and what-ho, they 'd drive merrily off to find a fifteen-storey building or two nicely ablaze and crackling.

We wouldn't stop there, either. We 'd provide ravishing blondes at the top of the burning building for our guests to rescue. Each blonde would fling her arms round her rescuer's neck and hold the pose a moment for the spotlights and news-reels, then they 'd climb down in couples to the ground, still affectionately twined, a band would strike up, and an alfresco dance would end an enjoyable evening. (We 'd let the fire burn itself quietly out, if it was the kind of building we 're thinking of.) What could give our firemen guests pleasanter memories of their Coronation visit?

Yoo-Hoo, King Willow

CRICKET is upon us once again, chaps, as we realised from a recent photograph of Maurice Tate strewing sawdust—drawn, no doubt, from the veins of his comrades—on a bowling-pitch. Everywhere the great dumb, wooden faces are beginning to move their jaws up and down, with what amounts to an expression of animation. The spotless flannels of an immaculate (and desiccated) life are being examined for moth—fancy anybody feeding on cricketers' trousers! The Sacred Bat is being removed from its winter wrappings and reverently oiled. Laughing rather uproariously about all this in the presence of a County cricketer at a recent dinner-party, we found a pair of cold blue eyes fixed on us in anger and contempt, merging into bewilderment and ultimately respect, as we began boasting of our great-uncle's lifelong friendship with W. G. Grace—better known as the Jersey Lily.

Respect gave way to awe and amazement as we painted a vivid intimate word-picture of the Great Doctor—not the burly, bearded, swaggering, eupeptic, ball-whacking Grace of popular legend, but a nervous, feverish, temperamental Grace, high-strung, neurotic,

"That's not how you spell 'Eschscholtzias'!"

Telephone Talks: No. 8

"Do you want to speak to Tutu? She's here"

given to sudden floods of tears and self-torturing introspectiveness, the D. H. Lawrence of the Pitch, slapping dishevelled women and teasing old barren sheep and rushing up trees and gnawing great chunks out of his favourite bats in a passion of misery and self-pity. We recounted how Grace used to come to our great-uncle for encouragement before a match, haggard and in agony, touchingly grateful for praise, like all great sensitives, utterly crushed by a careless word of blame. E.g.:

"Am I all right, pal?"
"Yes."
"Is my bat straight?"
"Perfect."
"I feel I shall burn 'em up to-day. I feel it."
"Good."
"I feel I shall play marv——Oh, look! Look! There's a frightful person in the middle stand with a tea-rose in his buttonhole! Make him take it out! Make him take it out! I can't bear it! I can't play! Oh, make him——!"

We described how the Doctor would fling down his bat and tear away in an agony of tears to throw himself on the pavilion floor, and how half the M.C.C. had to cluster round with flattery and pleading before he would consent to play. Something clicked in the cricketer's throat and he swallowed twice and said "Really?"; and then we spoilt everything by bringing a lot of naked nautch-girls and elephants into the story. Even a County cricketer jibs at that, which is saying something.

Louder and Faster

HAVING lost four million on the past year's running, the Paris underground and bus services are forced to put their fares up 50 and 20 per cent. It's surprising, actually, that the Métro and the Nord-Sud have been able to carry on so long with a flat-rate fare-system like that of the old Twopenny Tube, and as cheap. Paris tube-trains have many fewer seats and many more straphangers than London tube-trains. The stations are bleaker, also, and the motion slightly slower. You can't have everything, and Paris scores hands down with those fleets of magnificent new taxis which whizz like the devil up and down the Champs-Elysées and have no rivals for appearance or speed except in New York. Pretty miserable they make our London chug-boxes seem afterwards.

At the same time, we can't make up our mind which of these three capitals boasts the more hellish traffic mess. In our experience, there's practically the same amount of hopeless nerve-racking fury expended in crawling into New York by the Bronx River Parkway, amid 10,000 other furious helpless victims of the Speed Age, as in trying to take a taxi into the City from the West End, or in trying to get into Paris by the Porte Maillot any Sunday evening. The general tempo of London traffic, however, is so very much slower that a given traffic-block may seem to last a month, whereas actually it's only lasted a few hours. Sometimes this situation awakes in us derisive laughter and bitter mockery, sometimes we jump up and down and gnaw the cushions, half-crazy with rage. The ultimate consolation is, of course, that everything is swiftly getting much worse, and the Age of speed may presently solve its own fool problems by attaining complete immobility, the streets becoming one solid mass of jammed traffic from end to end, unable to stir a wheel. Then, perhaps, the victims will begin wondering who the criminal ass and enemy of mankind was who invented the Internal Combustion Engine, and

"Sorry, Sir, I didn't think I needed one"

why no far-seeing person beaned him with a monkey-wrench in time.

Fairy

NOBODY in the City seems able to explain to us why a graceful gilded statue of Ariel—we forget the distinguished sculptor's name at the moment—stands tiptoe on the dome of the new Bank of England buildings. Why Ariel? What is the tricksy sprite's connection with banking, beyond the possibility that his "Come unto these yellow sands" might conceivably be stretched to convey that there 's plenty of bullion in the basement? The ideal figure to stand on the Bank dome would be a richly-gilded one of Midas, with his great ass's ears flapping and alert for the Latest Market Prices, surely? Without worrying ourselves thin over this problem, we find it cropping up constantly.

The Bank's Ariel is lissome and on the girlish side, unlike Eric Gill's Ariel over the main entrance of Broadcasting House. a rather glum, aloof little boy, evidently sorry for poor old hollow-eyed Prospero—who also betrays dreadful misgivings—and depressed about the B.B.C. generally, as so many people are. From his position Ariel can see not only the daily arrivals and departures at All Soul's, Langham Place, of betrothed and married pairs, most of them hopelessly unsuited in every way, but all the comedians trooping into St. George's Hall for the B.B.C. Variety Hour. Mr. Gill has subtly conveyed in Ariel (and in Prospero alike) the moody despair such sights must awaken in any normal breast. You may urge that the Ariel on the Bank gets a pretty weary eyeful as well, seeing all those business men bustling about all day about to do somebody down, or having just done so. Observing more closely, you 'll find Ariel isn't looking at them. His head is cocked well up and he is doing a dainty little hop-and-skip, determined to forget the existence of City men in the pleasures of the dance. It isn't a bad philosophy, for those who have no other.

With a Yo, Heave Ho

FLEET STREET worked pretty hard to turn Captain "Potato" Jones of the steamship Marie Llewellyn, who made a half-hearted attempt to run Franco's blockade with his cargo of potatoes into Bilbao (and also did a fair amount of talking about it) into a romantic figure, a rich, ripe, daredevil, warm-hearted old sea-dog in the tradition of the Elizabethan Legend. The *Times* Correspondent at St. Jean de Luz threw a little needed cold water on this glamour stuff to begin with, and Mr. Robert Bernays, M.P., about finished it when he pointed out bluntly in the House (*a*) that the excellent Potato was no philanthropist or disinterested humanitarian, but a sailor of fortune, out for the couple of thousand pounds he would make if he got his ship into Bilbao, and (*b*) that there was no real necessity for the British Navy's having to expose itself to unjustifiable risks to help sea-dogs to make nice profits.

Mr. Bernays conceded that Potato Jones is a marine type in the real Conrad tradition. We 'd go a bit further and call the sturdy Welsh sea-dog a true descendant of Drake and the other big boys; for those heroes were also unashamedly out for the Dough, of which the Virgin Queen took her usual 75 per cent. rake-off. Nor were they quite so dashing as the official legend makes 'em. The truth about the Armada, for example, has been dug by J. R. Hale from Sir John Laughton's edition of the Armada Papers, published by the Navy Records Society, and other authentic sources, and a very different story it turns out to be from the one given in the history-books. Reducing Elizabethan demigods to life-size and removing their haloes is rather a dirty un-English trick, however, and very properly nobody takes the slightest notice.

Gesture

IT took Lady Maud Hoare four attempts to smash the ritual bottle of champagne against the stem of the big new aircraft-carrier Ark Royal before the launch at Birkenhead the other day. Without knowing the brand of champagne one naturally can't judge the circumstances fully and fairly, but it does seem as though the new ship had, as it were, uttered a silent criticism of somebody's taste in wine. Kipling could—and would, given half a chance—have written this story properly: the story of the Ship That Knew a Thing or Two about Wine.

Actually, there 's a pretty wide range of wines suitable for "christening" average and not over-particular ships with, as many Club wine-committees know. The Ark Royal, however, seemed to know her onions, and it wouldn't be a bad idea if the Wine and Food Society recognised this and made her an honorary member. She looks a bit like one of 'em, incidentally.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"I 'm afraid not, Madam — not matches"

"Bystander" Short Story No. 86

Ariel : By Basil Collier

Illustration by Edmund Blampied

ERASMUS BARLEYCORN, a young man employed in an estate agent's office in London, who was in love with a girl called Amelia Spruddles, bought an inexpensive ring at a second-hand jeweller's in the Strand, intending to put it to use as an engagement ring. Miss Spruddles refusing it, he left her house disconsolate, idly slipping the ring on his own finger, and, entering a public house close by, requested to be served with a pint of bitter. The barmaid shrieked and fainted.

Disconcerted, Erasmus quitted the place hurriedly. Outside, a passer-by walked straight into him, and fell back aghast.

"You might look where you 're going," said Erasmus.

The man stared wildly about him, staggered, hastily entered the public house, and was heard to call for brandy. Erasmus Barleycorn, bewildered and alarmed, reflected upon the restorative properties of a refreshing cup of tea, and set out for the nearest teashop. As he walked, he noticed the ring on his finger, thought that perhaps it looked a little out of place, removed it, and put it in his pocket.

He went into a teashop, ordered a pot of tea for one, and, since it was six o'clock, a poached egg on spaghetti, too. While giving this order he gazed at the waitress a little apprehensively, lest she should reproduce the behaviour of the barmaid. She showed no emotion. Waiting for his tea, Erasmus toyed with the ring in his pocket, took it out, and absent-mindedly slipped it once more on his finger. The waitress, arriving from behind him with the tray, appeared surprised for a moment, but made to set her burden on the table. The tray came into contact with Erasmus just above the collar. The hot tea streamed about his shoulders, the spaghetti crowned him like a wig, the tray fell to the floor with a frightful clatter, the waitress fled screaming. Erasmus escaped in the pandemonium which ensued. Those who stood by saw the portion of spaghetti float out of the teashop at a height of five feet seven inches from the ground. Outside, it fell from our hero's head to the pavement, and was eaten by a dog.

Erasmus now began to think that he must, without knowing it, have suffered some terrible disfigurement, which caused people to faint, shriek, and drop trays at the sight of him. He tried to catch sight of his reflection in shop windows, but could not do so. A great many people jostled him. None offered any apology, but all looked surprised. When he crossed the road at a pedestrian crossing, he was nearly run down by a motor-car whose driver did not seem to have caught sight of him; but owing to his preoccupation with the possibility of his disfigurement, he attached no great importance to the incident.

His home was several miles away, but close at hand an old friend of his family, an elderly woman, lived in rather humble circumstances. He resolved to call on her and request the use

The barmaid shrieked and fainted

(*Concluded on p.* viii)

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Cannons of Hollywood

Miss Elizabeth Wellesley — Coronation Debutante

Miss Elizabeth Wellesley is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Gerald Wellesley; her mother will present her at one of the Courts and is giving a dance for her on June 29th. She was a maid of honour at Queen Charlotte's Ball last week; is eighteen this year. Lord Gerald Wellesley is a brother of the Duke of Wellington, he was appointed Surveyor of his Majesty's Works of Art last year. Lady Gerald Wellesley, who was Miss Dorothy Ashton, of Croughton, Cheshire, has won a considerable reputation with her poems, and has written a life of Sir George Goldie, founder of Nigeria. She and her husband have a London house in Regent's Park, and an attractive place, Penns Rocks, at Withyham, in Sussex. They have one son, Arthur Valerian, aged twelve

Jack Doyle beat King Levinsky over Twelve Rounds

Doyle, who entered the ring at over 15 stone, beat Levinsky after twelve rounds of flogging at the American veteran who came back, punch-drunk, for more. Extra speed, skill and cool head from Doyle could have saved them both the trouble any time from round six onwards. The same night, Jock McAvoy knocked the cruiser-weight title out of Eddie Phillips in their fourteenth round

Beaufort Open the Polo Season

First away on the coronation season turf were Beaufort, whose spring tournament at Down Farm, Westonbirt, opened last week and finishes on May 16th. This picture was taken on the ground at Cirencester and shows Lord Roderick Pratt loosening up the wrist muscles while talking to Sir Gerard Fuller

Summer Sport

By Howard Marshall

Last week we had a regular flurry of sport, what with the Cup Final, the Hard Court Championships, the Doyle-Levinsky fight, the beginning of cricket, and the amateur golfers at Saunton. Now perhaps we may sit back and breathe a bit more easily, though there will not be many opportunities for the harried sporting journalist to take things easy this coronation summer.

For my own part, in these hectic days, I think rather longingly of the water meadows of the south country and the gin-clear streams flowing over chalk and the great golden trout which lie in the gravelly runs. How pleasant it would be, I say to myself, to leave everything and scuttle away to Hampshire and fish and fish and fish.

As a matter of fact, I did that very thing last week-end, but only for a couple of days, and that is not long enough. It just gave me time to blister my hands and discover again that casting into a head-wind is not my greatest accomplishment, and that it is best not to snatch the fly in uncontrollable excitement right out of the fish's mouth. As for the one that got away, that is a story which I cannot well ask you to believe.

I wonder, though, quite seriously, whether, among the other odd repercussions it is causing, the Spanish war has had a bad effect on the quality of gut with which we are being supplied. Most of the gut used for casts and points came from Spain before the trouble started there; and when I had three breakages, due to palpable flaws, it occurred to me that probably we shall suffer from inferior material this year.

The chalk streams, incidentally, were settling down very nicely after the tremendous winter floods and the springs must now be absolutely full again. I fancy we shall have a most interesting season with the trout, though what effect the heavy

(Concluded on page 222)

Anita Lizana and Dorothy Round

Señorita Lizana came over from Chile last year determined to beat the handicap of her small size and is succeeding very well; after Riviera successes she started the English season by taking all three cups at Brighton—doubles, mixed doubles, singles—vanquishing Dorothy Round in the last after losing a love set

Oxford and Cambridge Cricket Captains

A. P. Singleton, Shrewsbury and B.N.C., leads the Oxford eleven for their coronation season which culminates at Lord's on July 5th. Is a bowler, plays for Lancashire in the vacation

Mark Tindall, Harrow and St. Catharine's, is the 1937 Cambridge captain. Started his university cricket career with a century in the Freshman's match, made 68 v. South Africa last year

Racing Selection

Right: Dorothy North and Robert A. C. Graham announced their engagement last week. She is the daughter of the late Hon. Dudley North, and he is the son of the late Capt. W. L. Graham, of Carfin, Carluke, Lanarkshire, and Lady O'Donnell

Miss Dorothy North and Mr. Robert Graham

Mr. J. Vaughan, Miss Auriol Harbord, Miss Rosario Scrope

Were at the Sandown Spring Meeting, and sat to have their drinks outside the refreshment hut in the paddock. "Joe" Vaughan is a young barrister; his two companions both belong to Yorkshire families

Racing at Sandown

Mrs. "Tony" Lyon-Clark and Mr. David Looker were trying to pick winners at the Sandown Spring Meeting. Mrs. Lyon-Clark was Margot Keene, the American actress; she and her husband now live in a fifteenth-century house near Newbury

Stock Exchange Faces at Kimble

Stock Exchange Point-to-Point

Sir Robert Kindersley, a director of the Bank of England and Chairman of Lazards Bank, went to the Stock Exchange Point-to-Point. With him is his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Philip Kindersley; her husband, on his horse Michael, came in second in the first race

Mr. E. L. Gosling, a steward of the huge and finely-organised Stock Exchange meeting, is talking to Mr. A. S. Willes and Mr. T. Willes, who rode his Asthorne II. in the heavy-weight race for the Gosling Challenge Cup, and was second to Mr. R. H. Russell on his brother's Rougio

Engaged Couple in Cheshire

The Hon. Philip Lever, Lord Leverhulme's only son, and Miss Ann Moon were at the Cheshire point-to-point at Daresbury. They announced their engagement a month or so ago. Ann Moon is the daughter of Mr. John Moon, of Tiverton, Devon

Summer Sport *(Cont. from page 220)*

scouring of the river bottom will have upon the Mayfly hatch I should not care to predict.

Now from peace to war, for it is time we had a look at the boxing world. Jack Doyle's brawl with "Kingfish" Levinsky has tempted some to regard the former as a new white hope, despite his failure to cut short a one-sided fight.

Just how much Doyle will enter into the heavyweight situation we cannot guess. He has the punch and the physique but the control still remains to be proved, and his most awkward opponent is his own temperament.

If only Tommy Farr had Doyle's right hand, we should have a world champion in the making. I am full of admiration for Farr, and I think for once we might forego our habit of criticising our own products. Farr, after all, has consistently and quietly and efficiently won every important fight that has come his way. What is more, he has improved steadily and he has gone a long way towards scotching the theory that American heavyweights are a different breed of men. Farr is by no means a world-beater yet, and it may be that his lack of punching power will always keep him just below the highest class. But in the meanwhile, he has put British heavyweight boxing on the map again.

R.A.F. Champion

Flying-Officer J. H. Neal, holder of the open title, retained it in the R.A.F. serving officers' championship at Sunningdale, by beating Flt. Lt. Pharazyn by ten and eight in the thirty-six-hole final. He went on to Taunton to represent Herts. in the county championship before the English Amateur

Army Champion

Lt. Anthony Duncan, Welsh Guards, ex-Oxford captain, won the Army Championship at Prince's, Sandwich, by beating Lt. W. A. Stephenson, Cameron Highlanders, in the final. They tied, first, with 154; in the replay over eighteen holes, Duncan returned 74 to win by three strokes

THERE is no doubt about the fact that this country has suddenly and rather mysteriously become the centre of the world's boxing activities, and during the next few months we are likely to see most of the champions in action over here.

If Joe Louis and Max Schmeling and Jimmy Braddock and the rest of them really do appear in England, what crowds they will draw, to be sure!

Mind you, we need not think only of the big men. And to my mind the most attractive fighter we have in this country at the moment is young Peter Kane, the contender for the fly-weight title. Kane is a remarkable boxer, definitely in the world-beating class, though I fancy that before long we shall find him moving up into the bantam-weight ranks. It would certainly be a mistake for him to train down to eight stone much longer, and I would far rather see him move up a class and retain his full strength.

To switch to another subject, a reader writes to tell me that, in his opinion, in young C. E. Hare we have the natural successor to Fred Perry. Well, it may be so, for Hare has improved steadily since he began winning junior county titles six or seven years ago. He even has a victory over Perry to his credit, and last year he was ranked No. 4 among our singles players.

He is only twenty-one years old, but he has had plenty of experience and he must undoubtedly be the most promising of our youngsters. If he has a weakness it is possibly in his driving on the backhand. But that is a fault which a coach like Dan Maskell should be able to eliminate.

The Bournes Boating: a Tub Pair at Oxford

Capt. the Rt. Hon. Robert Bourne, wearing his O.U.B.C. cap, was cox and coach to his two sons on the Isis recently: Robert, the elder, at stroke, John at bow. Capt. Bourne, who has been M.P. for Oxford City since 1929, stroked the University boat four times to victory, 1909-12. He married Lord Cairns' eldest daughter in 1917, and they live at Abingdon

As for cricket, the Universities are getting under way, and both of them should turn out unusually strong sides this year. The cheerful A. P. Singleton, who captains Oxford, has actually twelve old Blues at his disposal, including players of the calibre of N. S. Mitchell-Innes and R. C. M. Kimpton, who is a batsman of the very highest class.

M. Tindall captains Cambridge and his trouble is that three of his best bowlers—Jahangir Khan, J. M. Brocklebank and W. Wooller—have gone down.

Still, he also has plenty of first-rate material and most of us remember N. W. D. Yardley's brilliant innings in last year's Varsity match. Yardley will be in residence again, and on his form last year he is a potential England cricketer.

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when enduring
the
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for
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train . . .

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what
a
blessing
a
cigarette
can
be ? . . .

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friendly companion
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a tremendous help
in
whiling away
the time.

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Half the English Championship

Two hundred and nine golfers entered for the English Championship, which was played this year on the Old Course of the Saunton Golf Club near Barnstaple.

As the course is rather inaccessible, especially for those who reside in the north of England, the entry was quite satisfactory, and included the holder, Harry Bentley, and ex-champions in T. A. Bourn, Leonard Crawley, Willie Sutton and Stanley Lunt; also Cyril Tolley, who has yet to win the English Championship and the President's Putter.

Other interesting entrants were Sir John Heathcoat-Amory, who was making his debut in this championship, and who was reported to have been practising extensively under the eye of his wife, than whom it is difficult to imagine a better coach; Flying-Officer J. H. Neal, the flying doctor who won the R.A.F. Championship at three-quarters throttle the day before he arrived at Saunton; many champions of other places, including the Argentine, South Indian, West of England and Ireland; and also George Harrisson, who was undefeated in the Halford Hewitt Cup at Deal and whose father looks after the "quads."

The County Championship, as usual, took place on the Saturday before the Championship in perfect weather. Many of the competitors played in shirt-sleeves, and it was difficult to realise that, one week earlier at Deal, many of the spectators found it necessary to wear two overcoats.

Harry Bentley, the holder, who has just got himself engaged to a lady from Germany, led Lancashire to victory by four strokes from Yorkshire, Devon and Surrey, who tied for second place.

The golf in the County Championship was not of a very high standard; that very much lower scores should have been returned is obvious from the fact that Charles Stowe, once always referred to as the "miner golfer," returned 71 with two penalty strokes—he drove "out of bounds" from the eighteenth tee—and T. A. Bourn, returned 73, also with two penalty strokes, as he lost a ball.

It must, however, be noted that the players were playing on a course which they had never seen before, due to the fact that the teeing grounds used were closed during practice. The Championship tees were not only very much further back, but also at many holes supplied shots at completely different angles. The playing off entirely different tees in practice rounds makes these rounds of little value to men who do not know the course.

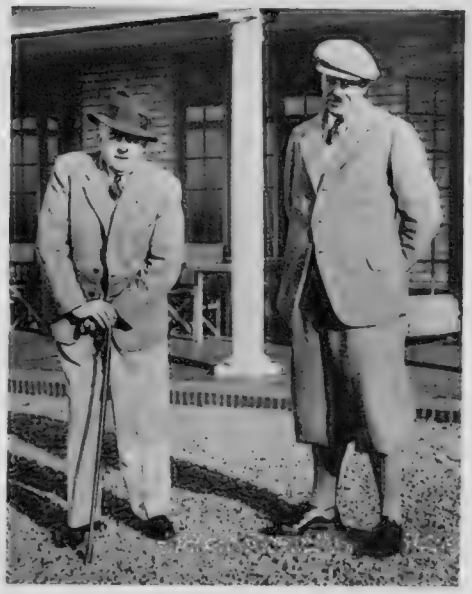
I know full well that all clubs desire their tees to be in, and remain in, first-class order during the whole play in a championship, and consequently are tempted greatly to rest them as much as possible. If players, nevertheless, were allowed to use the front two yards of the championship tees in practice rounds and the discs put back a few inches each day, a large portion of the teeing area need not be used until the championship play actually starts, and the players would get an idea in practice of what shots will be required at the various holes.

In the County Championship, which is decided by stroke play over thirty-six holes by teams of four players, the experiment of starting the competitors in lots of three was tried, and to avoid delay the E.G.U. requested—not ordered—the player whose ball was nearest the hole on the putting green to hole out first; consequently in the possible but improbable event of the player nearest the hole being able to obtain, by watching an opponent putt, information concerning the pace of the green, he was entitled to do so.

The first trio took three minutes less than three hours to complete the course, but as the day wore on approximately 3½ hours was taken by many trios. The playing in threes did not give complete satisfaction. It is an extremely difficult matter to accommodate such a large field as started in the County Championship to the satisfaction of all.

As I write, there are still thirty-one players to be beaten before the champion is found. Bar myself and one or two others, all those still left in have a distinct chance of final victory. If Willie Sutton, Frank Pennink, or Harry Bentley had a golf course built specially to suit their types of play, I do not think they could have a course constructed which would suit them better than the old course at Saunton. These three players do not hit the ball the excessive distances of the long hitters of the present day, but what they lose on the swings they more than make up for on the roundabouts.

Willie Sutton had a decider with Cyril Tolley; it was the third time they had met in championships. Sutton took an early lead and was always ahead, to win reasonably comfortably by 3 and 1. Sutton beat Tolley in the English Championship at Gosforth Park in 1929, and was beaten by him in the last Amateur Championship at Royal St. George's.



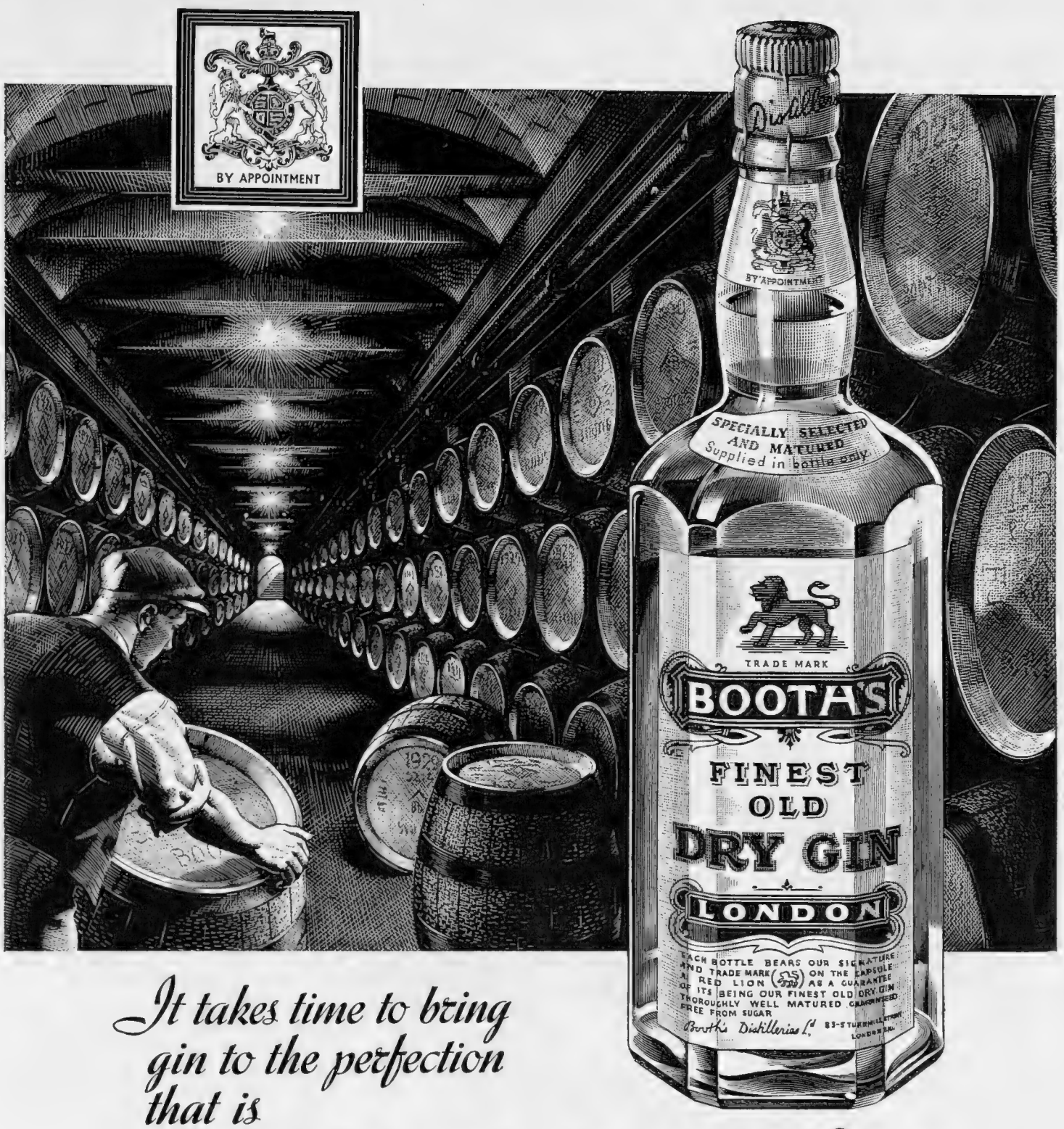
The English Amateur Championship

April provided one or two perfect days at Saunton, North Devon, for the big entry in the English Amateur Championship last week. Major A. Whitley Lavarack, M.C., the secretary of the E.G.U. is with the local secretary, Mr. D. F. Meredith

Prelude to the English Championship: the County Championship

Gerald Quinn played for Hertfordshire, E. B. Tipping for Sussex, and H. G. Bentley, who was soon to defend his 1936 English amateur title, for Lancashire; the last won the county title, with 622, from the triple tie for second place

J. S. L. Lyon was one of the Yorkshire four who tied with Surrey and Devon for second place with 626 (Yorkshire had won in '31 and '33, Surrey in '27, '32 and '36). With him are W. Sutton (Cheshire) and Gordon Jones (Staffordshire)



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Dorland

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

The Romance of Shipbuilding: By Alan Thomas

"DOWN TO THE SEA," by George Blake (Collins; 12s. 6d.) is the romance of the Clyde, its ships and shipbuilders: and, as Mr. Blake tells it, a very exciting tale it is, reaching sometimes to the level of high drama. First there is the setting: the Clyde itself, which in just over a hundred years has developed, so far as Glasgow is concerned, from a river in which a cart might stand submerged hardly to the axles while the horse drank placidly of the waters, to the great canalised river that to-day carries most of Scotland's sea-borne trade. And after the place, the people: James Watt, whose idea for the separate condenser came to him as he walked between the herd's house and the golf-house on Glasgow Green on a quiet Sunday afternoon; or Henry Bell who, if he was not the father of the steam-boat, was at all events in at its birth; or Robert Napier, whose trade-mark the Queen Mary still carries over the Western Ocean. And a host of others. Then the ships: the Tyburnia which somewhere towards the end of last century ran out of Madeira under fire from the Portuguese battery while the passengers stood on deck watching the fun, and the captain dipped the Ensign every time a shot was fired. The Britannia, the Meteor, the Nahlin—all three built on the Clyde. In a chapter headed Departures from the Normal, Mr. Blake describes some of the freak ships that have come out of the Glasgow shipyards; the Livadia, for instance, a weird species of raft built for Alexander II. of Russia who wanted a ship on which to play billiards: but, alas, "the Livadia was apt to sink by the head and bury her nose in oncoming seas," and instead of billiards there was mal-de-mer. The book concludes with the launching of the Queen Mary whose hawsers were made by the same firm that made the hawsers for the Comet, the first commercial vessel driven by steam-power on European waters.

Mr. Blake writes with zest and a real love of his subject. Whether he is describing great world-famous ships or the humblest hopper-barges that eternally carry the scourings of dredgers out to sea, he never allows you to forget the vessel's significance in terms of human values. *Down to the Sea* is a fine and uncommonly vivid contribution to the history of British Shipping.

I PICKED up Mr. Louis Paul's novel, *Hallelujah, I 'm a Bum* (Methuen; 7s. 6d.), ready for anything. I put it down, ready for more. A passage from the book itself will best describe it—was, I imagine, meant to describe it: "What the country needed was a figurative horse in Arizona, a tonic, a medicine as invigorating as desert air, a cure for the blues, a shot in the arm." This is what the hero of the book, after many adventures, decided he would write: and we leave him on the last page starting with the first line of *Hallelujah, I 'm a Bum*. Two warnings: the humour in places tends to be broad. And the book is written in American. Here is a sentence of dialogue chosen more or less at random: "I t'ought you wuz gonna go inta town wit' me and boin things up, Skate, and tear the jernt loose." If you get over that you have nothing to fear.

The basis of the story is the return to the United States after the war of an American soldier, Resin Scaeterbun—the sort of guy who if he had any money could only invest it for fun. "If a sound investment made of him a substantial citizen, how could he be a bum?" How, that is, could he hope to discover the comfortable, untrammelled way of life? With the aid of such cheerful companions as his life-long friend, "Corpril" Ootz, a "bald-pated, anacephalic specimen" named Wartnose Scroogenheim, a pimply but enterprising literary agent called Wenceslaus Jones—to say nothing of the ladies, Niña Gumbottle and Emmalina Burnseed (née Ootz)—Resin wanders over the face of America taking whatever life offers, from a job in the bootlegging racket to a rôle on the movies.

Hallelujah, I 'm a Bum is American satirical extravaganza at its best. It is written with extraordinary gusto, and is full of good-humoured laughter, philosophy and shrewdness. Indeed, I don't remember to have read a more amusing book in years.

George Blake

Has written another book about the Clyde and its ships, "Down to the Sea," which is reviewed here this week. Mr. Blake was born at Greenock and lives at Helensburgh. He is an ex-editor of "John o' London" and the "Strand"

May 19

"Bystander" Coronation No.

Two Shillings

A vivid souvenir of the great occasion, with many pages in colour, special articles and the best pictures of the ceremony and the procession.

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"DEAUVILLE TAXI" (Ivor Nicholson and Watson; 8s. 6d.) is another of Mr. Charles Graves' effervescent travel-books. This time he kicks off from Deauville in a Paris taxi picked up outside the Casino; in spite of having no particular idea where he was going he managed to see everything that matters in Normandy and Britanny. It is characteristic of Mr. Graves' special art that he can make a travel-book as light as a soufflé and as informative as an official guide. He includes a fascinating chapter on the finances and personalities of the Deauville Casino. It reads like a crazy fairy tale: even the barman, who is not paid wages, is so rich on his tips that he can spend four months of every year on his estate at Vichy!

IN *We Aren't so Dumb*, by Christopher Hollis (Longmans; 6s.), world problems, if they are not made easy, are at all events made intelligible. The subjects, ranging from Raw Materials to Dwindling Populations and covering such thorny questions as Nationalism, Ideological Fronts and Competition from the East, are discussed in a series of entertaining dialogues conducted by Bobby and Algernon (who are better informed than their names would suggest), helped out on occasion by foreign Experts. The distinguishing mark of these talks is that each protagonist seems to know what he is talking about and rarely misses a point—with the result that the reader absorbs an enormous quantity of knowledge very palatably and without a twinge of indigestion.

"TOY TITANS," by Kem (Arthur Barker; 10s.) is an album-size book of political cartoonery and social caricature. In picture and in verse the great ones of the earth are placed in the stocks or other equally appropriate predicaments—Sir John Simon, for instance, "having a spot of splendid isolation" as Simon Stylites, with accompanying verse:

Maybe, if the Country were run by the Reds
You 'd find Simon called Petroff as one of the Heads.

Or Mr. Atlee trying to piece the Labour Party together in a jigsaw puzzle; or Sir Samuel Hoare skating on thin ice. Kem has, on the whole, a kindly pen and a keen eye for weak spots. His book makes excellent entertainment.

This England . . .

Monckton-Wylde, on the Dorset-Devon border

THE feeling of continuity in this England is even more apparent to strangers than to ourselves. Did the Civil War rage in the West? (Charles once lay hid at Monckton-Wylde) —was Monmouth's rebellion foundered there? Did William of Orange pass this way to his throne? To us these lovely sleepy corners are places "where nothing ever happens." But we so carry our history and traditions with us—in places and habits—that the stranger feels them all about him. One habit he soon delights in — the drinking of good English beer such as Worthington brew. As traditional, this ale, as Dorset's Blue Vinney or Devon's squab pie.

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

Golf Clubs at Home : New Manor

When the Club was originally founded in 1898, it consisted partly of members of the company founded to acquire and develop the Ashford Manor Estate, partly of members from the Staines Golf Club. The dual arrangement did not work well and in 1902 the present company was formed, the club-house and course being drastically rearranged and accordingly improved. To-day, New Manor is noted for its greens (the whole is on gravel subsoil), and the course is picturesquely split up by woods

Harry Fear (captain)

C. A. Best (captain-elect.). S. May (secretary) and W. H. Norriss (ex-captain)

Captain D. J. Stuart

P. W. Mayne

F. W. Marshall

Howard Jacobs

G. D. Lane

R. W. Brown

J. Livingston, L. Ritte and Howard Nicholson

Sefton Turner, G. H. Kelly and S. H. West

N. C. Hogbin, R. E. Newbery (ex-captain) and R. G. Aldridge

Let's roam the whole world over!

What a lot of names the British have been called. If our memory serves us right it was Napoleon who first called us a "Nation of shop-keepers." But, then, Napoleon's imagination was turned to other things than epithets. We have been called much better names since then. One thing, however, we must admit. We have ever had an "itching foot." We are accused of being the world's worst linguists, but no nation has ever roamed as we have. Think of the adventure of far horizons and instantly *British* names spring to your mind . . . Drake, Raleigh, Cook, Clive, Cochrane the dauntless, Rhodes—their name is legion.

The smell of tarred rope and a whiff of the sea has proved too much for many a sober lad. The call of adventure is even stronger than the ties of home.

Surely that is why short-wave radio so appeals to Britons. Roam the whole world at the turn of a

dial—Shanghai, Tokio, Boston, Winnipeg, Sydney, Bombay—hear the actual stations with the clarity of a local programme, without distortion, without distraction. Here is high adventure!!

Consider the set below. On it your ten-year-old son can easily bring in the most distant stations. Its quality is unlike that of any other radio you have ever heard. The resonance of the basses, the clarity of the trebles, the faithful reproduction of the voices—it seems that you are in the very room with the performers. We should like you to hear it, test it yourself. Any accredited Philco dealer, and there is one near you, will be delighted to demonstrate it to you in your own home. Of course, it can be bought on easy payments. A demonstration does not imply an obligation of any sort. If you do not know your nearest Philco dealer a line to us will bring you prompt attention and a home demonstration.

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Championships Assortis

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

DOUBTLESS you are expecting me to go up in smoke over the British team which has just been selected for the match *v.* France. But I will do nothing of the sort now. The Selection Committee must have good reasons for what they have done, and the team needs confidence, not criticism.

This letter might be almost entirely made up of a string of who beat who in the various County Championships since last week. Since, though, one cannot be in more than one place at a time, they will have to pass with mere congratulations to Miss Bramwell (Glos.), Mrs. Gold (Bucks.), Miss Wanda Morgan (Kent), Mrs. Graham Jones (Dorset), Mrs. Evers (Oxon), Miss Appleby (Denbighshire), Lady Eddis (Suffolk), Miss Enid Pears (Warwickshire), Miss Brenda Norris (Sussex), Miss Phyllis Wade (Hampshire), and, of course, and above all, Miss Purvis-Russell-Montgomery, the East of Scotland, in which she played grand golf. Miss Brenda Norris must be specially congratulated, because it is only two years since she was a semi-finalist in the Girls', having at that time a handicap of 19, which shows that nobody need be afraid of competing at Stoke Poges, and that it is a pretty good jumping-off place to other honours. And Miss Pears was Girls' Championship runner-up in 1933, you remember.

MISS PHYLLIS WADE was the only person I saw win her championship, and very well and decisively she did it—8 and 7 over thirty-six holes. Admittedly she had some narrow squeaks before that, notably in the semi-final from Mrs. MacLeod, who seemed to have her quite safe, when concentration suddenly went, and with it, the match. Admit that she was fortunate in the final to catch Mrs. Kennedy having a day off with her usual pitch-and-one-putt habit. But neither did Miss Wade put as many chips dead as usual, and when all is said and done I always feel that the lesser lights flicker out in the last stages, whether of a match or a championship, just because they are lesser and lack candle-power when the pinch comes.

HAMPSHIRE'S championship was at Lee-on-Solent, unexplored country to me, and sheer delight on that sunny day with the new green of foliage, kingcups gay in the marshes, and the gorse blazing beside the fairways. The Green Committee there appreciate the prickly stuff at its proper worth. They do not allow it to be destructive or to have the upper hand of them, but it is allowed to govern the placing of a good many shots, making dog-legs out of nothing, or forcing you to take a risk which the worst golfer cannot compass in sure hope of reward. Miss Wade is a most excellent placer of tee shots, and showed very clearly what length means if it is tempered with straightness. Not only is gorse in its right place at Lee-on-Solent. So was every blade of grass, every grain of sand, the club and its staff sparing no pains to have every bunker raked, every pitch and divot mark obliterated by the time the next round was played, till the whole course was as well groomed as a Derby favourite.

Only in one respect is there no peace. Lee-on-Solent is extremely near to Calshot and Gosport; you must be altogether 'plane-proof if you would play good golf, for they sweep over low, singly, and in formation, and after them sweep their shadows, very legitimate excuse for a bad shot. But no doubt you grow used to it, just as one does to the distractions of Ranelagh.

RANELAGH was where the next day's reporting took me, for the Mothers' and Daughters' Foursomes. The golf was not up to the sparkling standard of the Vesta Meeting a fortnight earlier, when the gross scores were in the sixties, but then, that is hardly to be expected. It is a little difficult to have a scratch daughter whilst still owning that distinction yourself *and* (which is one of the conditions) a birth certificate not later than 1886. Mrs. Beard, with a 4 handicap and two daughters on the same mark, comes nearest the ideal. She held the Rabbidge Scratch Challenge Salver with her daughter Mary, Mrs. Golden. That one being busy with her own small daughter, Mrs. Beard calls on her other daughter, Mrs. Hickman—and wins it again with her, returning 75, two strokes in front of the Garnhams and three of the Parnalls, the latter taking the handicap with their 78—11=67. Poor Mrs. Fishwick has met with a horrible burning accident, so that family was absent, and Mrs. and Pam Barton never got going.

Waiting for Mother

The annual Mothers' and Daughters' Foursomes were played at Ranelagh as usual before the Veteran Ladies' Championship, and won by Mrs. and Miss Parnall. The two daughters warming their hands are Miss Dudgeon and Miss Wilkins

NEXT day the Veterans' Championship began, graced this year for the first time by somebody who has won the Open Championship, and so brings to the event that little something the others haven't got. Whether Miss Doris Chambers will pull it off I cannot say; there are a great many veterans capable of beating almost anybody at Ranelagh, particularly this year, when the course is in quite perfect condition, the best it has ever been. Press day intervenes. You must hear the conclusion next week, if there is space between Coronation preparations and our own One-Day Spring Medal Foursomes at Wentworth. Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

The Hampshire County Championship and challenge matches were played at Lee-on-Solent, when Miss Phyllis Wade became champion for the third time. In the group are Mrs. Bishop, Miss Morgan, Mrs. Kennedy (runner-up in the championship), Miss Wade, Mrs. Benson, Mrs. Munro, Mrs. Hunt, Miss Aitchison and Mrs. Knight

Miss C. P. R. Montgomery won the East of Scotland women's golf championship, beating Miss Jessie Anderson in the Murrayfield final. Mr. F. W. Paulin presented the cup to the winner, with the runner-up looking on

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

A brilliant frock for a brilliant season is pictured on this page, and may be seen in the model gown salons at Liberty's, Regent Street. It is made in fine cobweb lace woven with a copper thread which catches the light and sparkles with every movement. The full skirt has godets of copper tulle, while the tiered back is vaguely reminiscent of the "bustle" era. It is infinitely more graceful, however, than the fashions of those days, which were often rather ungainly. Liberty's, incidentally, are experts at designing frocks with individuality and charm, while their inexpensive salon is a boon to the debutante with a limited dress allowance. Those who are interested should write for their illustrated catalogue, which will gladly be sent gratis and post free

Keeping Ahead Of Fashion

Anything from a wisp of tulle to a single rose is made into a hat these days, while ostrich feathers are frequently used with great success. In one model these plumes are curled into a small saucer and then allowed to fall over one shoulder like a scarf which ties round the throat. The shady hat on the right dips from back to front and weighs practically nothing as the brim is of fine straw and the crown composed of separate strips of orchid felt tied in a single bow across the front

Fashions for the Coronation are being shown in every salon and window at Harrods, Knightsbridge, while the prevailing colours are orchid, larkspur and petunia. These delicate shades are reflected in the enchanting collection of new hats which are frivolous in the extreme. The new movement, which is long and sweeping, distinguishes the model above in fine blue straw with tufts of crisp taffeta ribbon at either side. Like a butterfly it perches lightly amid soft curls, and is held firmly in position by an ingenious device

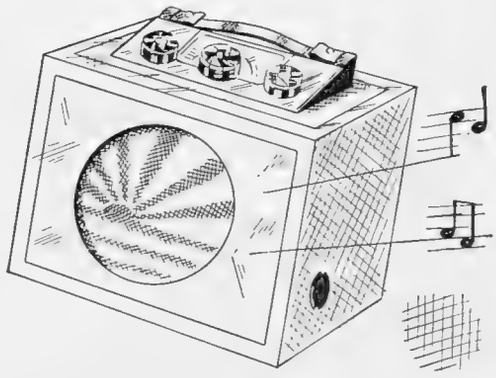
Hats for cocktail and restaurant wear are extravagant and even foolish, though always becoming. A group of clipped feathers dyed bright green and poised like a bird, may be worn tilted over one eye, while a close-fitting skull cap is trimmed with an outsize pom-pom. The charming summer hat pictured on the left is in deep blue baku straw, and follows the new line without being difficult to wear. It is enlivened by a cockade of petersham in contrasting colours, and may be seen together with the other models on this page at Harrods

Photographs by Dover Street Studios

THE BYSTANDER TWINS IN SEARCH OF NOVELTIES

DISCOVERED BY PETA
PICTURED BY PAM

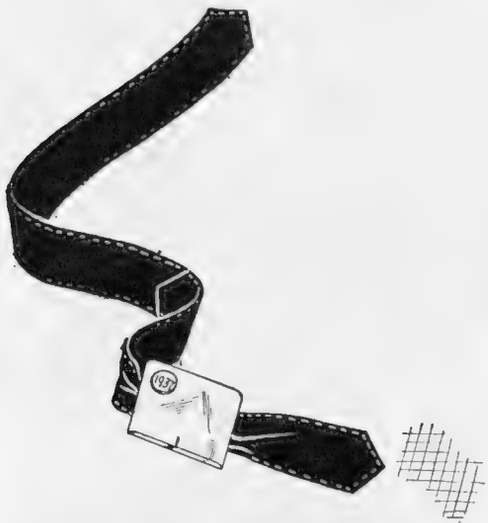
The importance of "keeping fit" is an excellent excuse for playing the games we enjoy and showing the world that we do so by wearing the scarf on the left. It is made in blue and white reversible silk linen woven with sporting symbols, and costs a guinea at Finnigan's



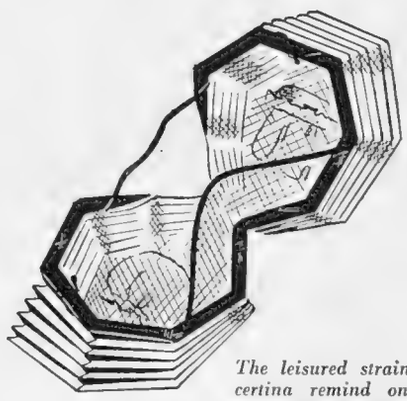
Everyone will wish for a wireless at the time of the Coronation, when the actual ceremony and many other interesting broadcasts will be heard. Keith Prowse, 159, New Bond Street, and branches, are showing a delightful portable set for eight guineas, known as the Pye "Baby" Q. It is absolutely self-contained and lovely in tone

Accessories are a guide to sports these days, so if you are a tennis star be sure to wear this gaily striped shantung scarf, lacquered with figures of champion players. It is made in several designs and costs 18s. 9d. at Finnigan's, 17, New Bond Street

Three Smart Bags for one smart girl are sketched on the left from Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street. They consist of flat pochettes in black calf lined with green and fitted with "rip" fasteners. A leather hoop holds them together and acts as a carrier



A broad band of navy blue suède makes this simple belt from Finnigan's with a large white buckle stamped with the seal of 1937. It is very plain and would look charming with sporting clothes and cotton frocks



The leisured strains of a concertina remind one of happy days spent in southern climes, but over here these instruments are put to more practical use and make attractive leather bags which expand when played. Two views are given of this model in red and black calf from Debenham and Freebody

Speed Limit in the Air

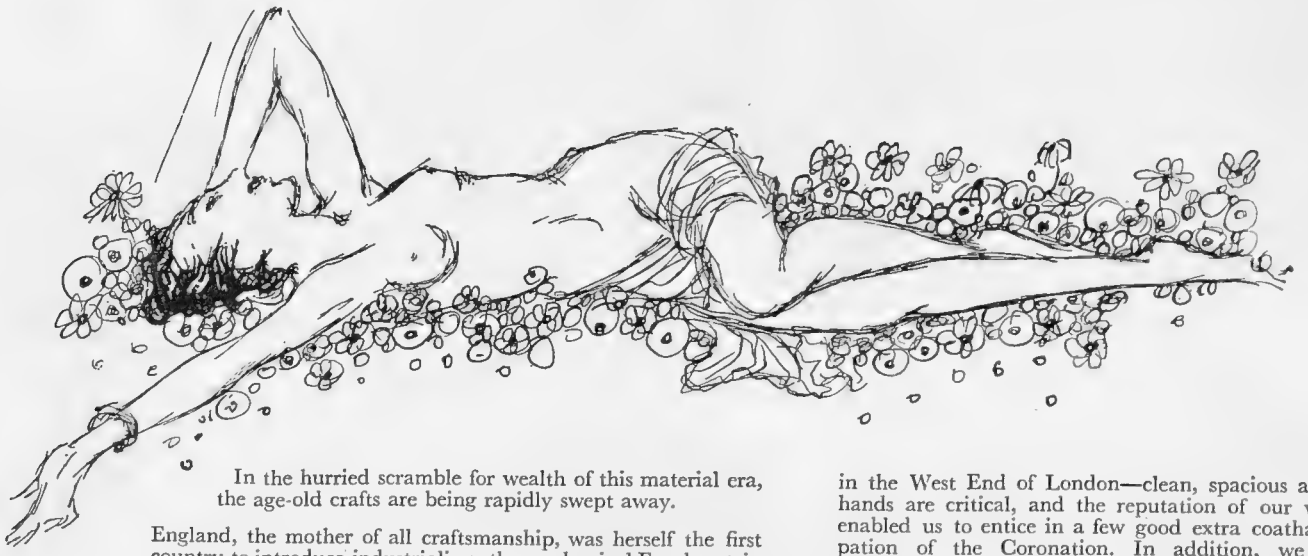
By Charles Ward

Six Hundred Miles an Hour

By far the most interesting prophecy made for many years in regard to human flight was that of Mr. H. E. Wimperis, who is the president of the Royal Aeronautical Society: that the limit of speed attainable by a man-carrying aeroplane would be six hundred miles an hour. So much has been written about speed in the air; round the world in daylight, with breakfast or lunch or dinner all the way, that it comes as somewhat of an anti-climax to be told by a distinguished scientist that none of these amusing possibilities will come true. Mr. Wimperis bases his theory on the velocity of sound, in that the speed at which air can be moved or move when pushed is the same as the speed of sound. In air of normal sea-level temperature and pressure, this is 750 miles an hour. Man has flown at 440 miles an hour and has dived vertically at 500 miles an hour, so that the limit is fast approaching. Speeds in the stratosphere are not expected to increase as we had imagined, though the altitude attainable by the present aircraft should rise to more than 60,000 feet. On the subject of range, 12,500 miles is well within the bounds of probability, so that every place on the earth could be reached in a single journey from any other. On the following page is a photograph of the "Albatross," de Havilland's latest liner for inter-Continental transport. It has been designed primarily for the Air Ministry tests of the trans-Atlantic route, and is expected to cruise at 200 miles an hour. The first from the factory is a mail-carrier, and the second will be fitted with passenger seats. Its design is that of a low-wing monoplane, reminiscent of the "Comet." A retractile under-carriage and tail wheel, variable pitch airscrews and four super-charged Gipsys of 400-500 horse-power each, are the principal features of interest. De Havillands, as the leading firm in England which specialises in aircraft for the civil market, has a complete series for every purpose. The "Hornet" for the club and the owner-pilot; the "Tiger Moth" for Service and air-line training; the "Dragonfly," a de luxe tourer or for tuition on multi-engined types; the "Rapide" and the "Express" liners, chosen according to the bulk of traffic per trip, and now the "Albatross" to challenge comparison with the world's fastest and most efficient civil 'planes. All types are fitted with Gipsys, familiar to every aircraft engineer.

(*Concluded on page* ii)

Skipper and crew of the Lufthansa flying-boat which made an experimental crossing from Germany to New York, in preparation for a regular service. Lufthansa has operated a line across the South Atlantic for some years



In the hurried scramble for wealth of this material era, the age-old crafts are being rapidly swept away.

England, the mother of all craftsmanship, was herself the first country to introduce industrialism, the mechanical Frankenstein which killed all the poetry of individual achievement.

Almost everything can now be produced effectively by machine. Except good clothes.

No mechanical device can mould into a coat the style which hand-sewing alone can impart. And the skilled hand-sewing journeymen tailors are a race that is quickly dying. Young men are not prepared to undergo the arduous five years apprenticeship; they prefer an unskilled job at a higher starting wage. Foreign labour—the best comes from Scandinavia—is prohibited. Good journeymen tailors are at a premium.

How then is London going to maintain its position as the supreme arbiter of men's styles; how will it handle the influx of fresh business during the Coronation?

Pope and Bradley are fortunate in having the finest workshops in the West End of London—clean, spacious and airy. Coat-hands are critical, and the reputation of our workshops has enabled us to entice in a few good extra coathands in anticipation of the Coronation. In addition, we have several apprentices who have reached maturity; in which respect we are almost unique among first class houses. Pope and Bradley employ at the moment over ten per cent of the total tailoring apprentices of the whole of England and Wales. Which does not mean that we have so very many.

But it does mean that, among those who have served their five years, we have a staff of skilled workhands, magnificently equipped to handle the added influx of trade that we anticipate. And in a manner which will uphold London prestige unchallenged in the sartorial world.

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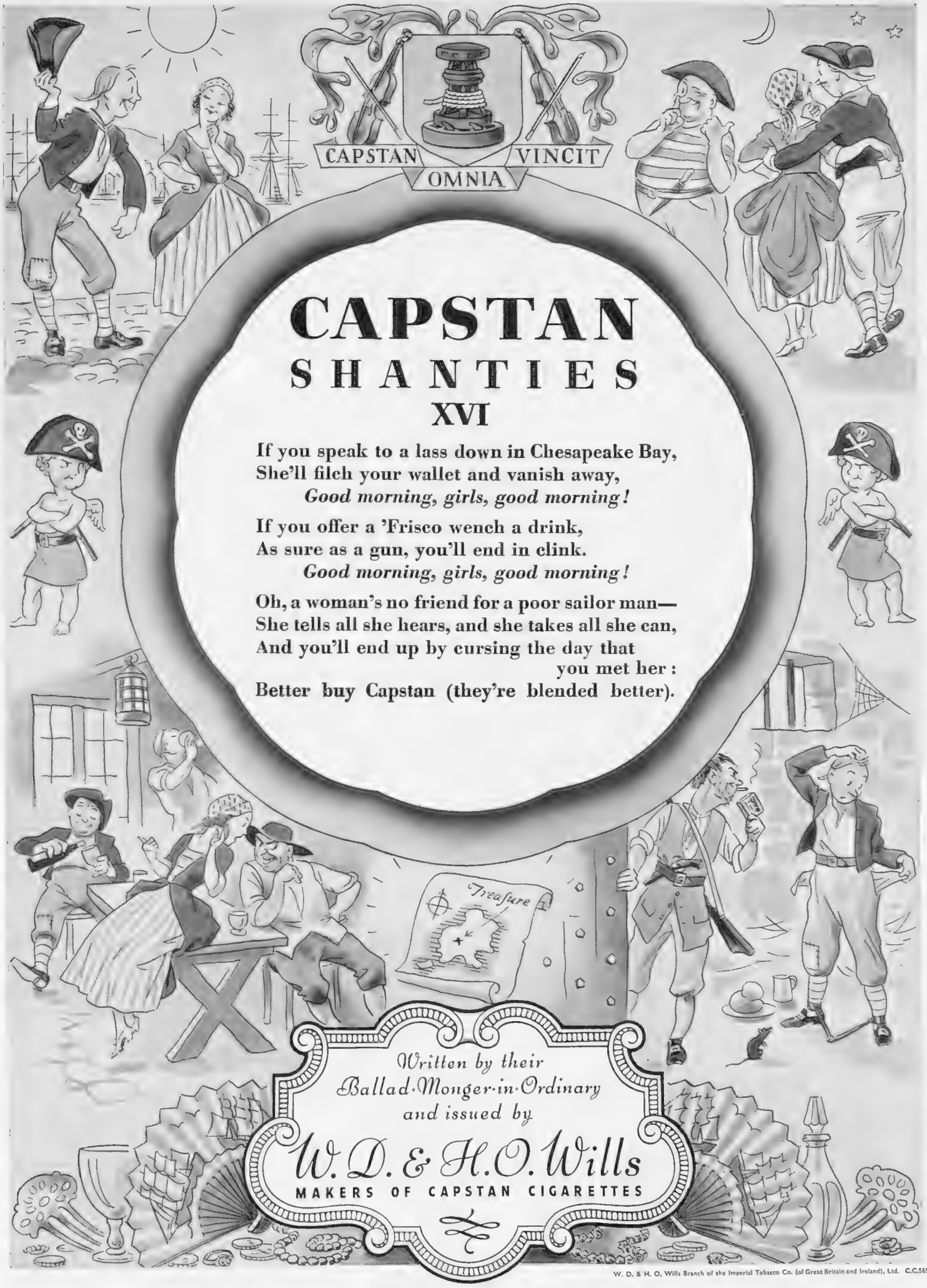

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Speed Limit in the Air

(Continued from page 234)

'The Aeroplane'

The "Albatross," de Havilland's contribution to the conquest of the Atlantic. The first of its type is a mail-carrier, designed for the direct crossing from Ireland to Newfoundland. A cruising speed of 200 miles an hour is probable

The Guild of Air Pilots

By the death of Captain "Freddy" Guest, the Guild suffers a great loss, for as guide, counsellor and friend to all professional pilots, even more than as Deputy Master, he had earned their gratitude and respect. He was our first Air Minister, and became a pilot at a time when very few except young men learnt to fly for the fun of the thing. He made several flights to Kenya, and until quite recently, owned his own aircraft. Wing Commander E. H. Fielden, now pilot to the Royal Household and Captain of the King's Flight, was originally engaged by Captain Guest in the same capacity. Africa is much in the news at the moment, as the change from land aircraft to flying-boats for the mail service has commenced. In 1927, Sir Alan Cobham prospected a route through Africa by flying-boat—he used the original "Singapore," built by Short Brothers for the R.A.F., and destined to become the prototype for all of the Short boats now used by the Service, and by Imperial Airways. Cobham's route followed the Great Lakes, whereas Imperial Airways cross Kenya from Kisumu to Mombassa, with an optional halt on the salt Lake Naivasha. Full operation of a twice weekly flying-boat service to Durban will be started on June 1st, after which all letters weighing no more than half an ounce will be carried by air for three halfpence, and without surcharge. The South African Government will take over a monopoly of air-route operation within the Union, and will share the land route northwards to Nairobi with Wilson Airways, the company started by the late Tom Campbell Black.

Air News of the Week

The final link in a "round-the-world" air service has been completed. Pan-American Airways flying-boat arrived at Hong Kong carrying parcels and mails for distribution in the East. The Zeppelin line across the North Atlantic completes the chain, until Imperials or the Americans get going between Europe and the States. There is talk of a British company to operate airships between the two continents. The German "gasbags" have had an almost uninterrupted record of success, but the fact remains that they are more dependent on weather than aeroplanes, and when an accident occurs, it is much more costly in every respect. We are pinning our faith to flying-boats and to super-efficient land aircraft, such as the "Albatross." At the Royal Aeronautical Society's Garden Party on Sunday next, many of the finest 'planes in England will be demonstrated before a select audience. Four thousand guests are expected, a large number of whom will be visitors from overseas for the Coronation. There is to be an International Rally of aircraft at York from June 4th to the 6th, and forty acceptances have been received to date. Foreign pilots will clear Customs at Heston, and be supplied with route information by the "A.A."

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The Intractable Pedestrian

By The Earl of Cardigan

NOWADAYS it is an almost invariable rule that, whenever a new road is constructed or an old road reconstructed, a proper footpath must be added for the benefit of the pedestrian. I do not know how much public money is annually spent in putting this general principle into effect; but I suspect that the figure must run into hundreds of thousands of pounds.

Surely, then, there was something a little strange in an incident which I witnessed a few days ago. I was driving along a road of the good "secondary" type, and found a small group of people strolling towards me on the opposite side. There were four or five of them, including a woman with a perambulator.

Coming up behind this group was a heavy lorry. In the circumstances, I had the right of way, and the lorry driver therefore was forced to pull up. I could see that he had to bring his heavy vehicle almost to a standstill, get into bottom gear, and then accelerate up through his gears again after I had gone past.

THERE would have been nothing remarkable in all this, but for the fact that, two paces to the left of the group of walkers there was a perfectly adequate footpath. There was only one possible reason why they were not using it—namely, that they simply would not be bothered to do so.

First and foremost, this was a case of gross selfishness. The lorry driver, engaged already on a wearisome and exacting job, was put to a considerable amount of additional trouble. By the time these people had finished their walk, they had probably caused a similar amount of trouble to some twenty or thirty drivers. There was, as I say, no possible justification for it—since they would have been equally well off on the footpath, besides providing the baby in its perambulator with a much safer form of outing.

A motoring column, however, is, perhaps, not the place for a discussion on ethics. A more practical objection to this sort of behaviour is that it must tend to weaken the discipline of road-users as a whole, and thus render the ideal of road safety more than ever remote.

The New Ford "Ten"

The new Ford "Ten" is a compact car. With four doors and six side windows, it has ample space inside for four "full-sized adults" (quoting the caption supplied); the luggage container is accessible from outside, below which is the spare wheel. Brakes have been improved, too

The motorist is but human—despite all the official efforts to turn him into a well-behaved automaton. He is very ready, as a general rule, to behave with consideration; but he is also quick to become resentful if he feels that others are treating him inconsiderately. In a mood of resentfulness, he obviously is not at his best from the public safety point of view.

My contention is that the motorist can hardly feel other than resentful when he observes the behaviour of certain pedestrians. This is especially so when he

(Concluded on page vi)

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The Intractable Pedestrian *(Continued from page iv)*

reflects that similar behaviour, if indulged in by himself, would certainly earn him a £5 fine, an endorsement of his licence, and perhaps even suspension from being allowed to drive at all!

For example, a motorist may not drive on the footpath. He has reason to feel distinctly apprehensive even if he takes a wheel over the footpath when turning or reversing. We have just seen that the pedestrian, on the other hand, thinks nothing of walking in the road if he happens to be so inclined.

A motorist is never permitted to dash past in his car under the nose of a pedestrian. In many places, where he sees a Belisha beacon, it is actually his duty to come to a standstill, if need-be, in order to allow the pedestrian to pass safely in front of him.

As against this, it is thought perfectly fair for a pedestrian to dash across under the bonnet of a car, and to rely upon the car's brakes to avert an accident. There is no compulsion for him to make use of an official crossing-place, even if one is available within a few feet of where he is standing. Where there are traffic lights, he may with impunity cross "on the red," and even ignore the additional red sign which is flashed on, saying, "Don't cross!" for his especial benefit.

It is the unfairness of all this which makes the motorist sometimes refer to a certain section of his fellow road-users as "these ——— pedestrians." Observe that he does not speak so of other road-users as a whole. Drivers of lorries, vans and motor cycles, being bound by the same general rules as himself, he regards in a friendly and understanding spirit.

Bicyclists, to a certain extent, arouse his indignation. Although they are technically subject to a good many regulations, he sees that the law is very seldom enforced against them. (Note that a car with defective lights cannot go a mile without being stopped by the police, whereas unlighted bicycles constantly seem to "get away with it.")

The inevitable conclusion is that, if we desire to see goodwill between *all* classes of road-users, it is essential that the authorities should treat all alike. There will never be real co-operation so long as the motorist feels that he is treated with strictness, whereas others are permitted to behave in whatever casual manner they wish.

In future, I am certain, there will have to be rules to govern every person who travels by road, no matter whether he does 100 m.p.h. on wheels or 4 m.p.h. on foot. There will be no laxity or discrimination with regard to any one class of traveller. It would be a good thing if, as soon as may be, we could begin to educate road-users in general, and the intractable pedestrian in particular, to this inevitable end.

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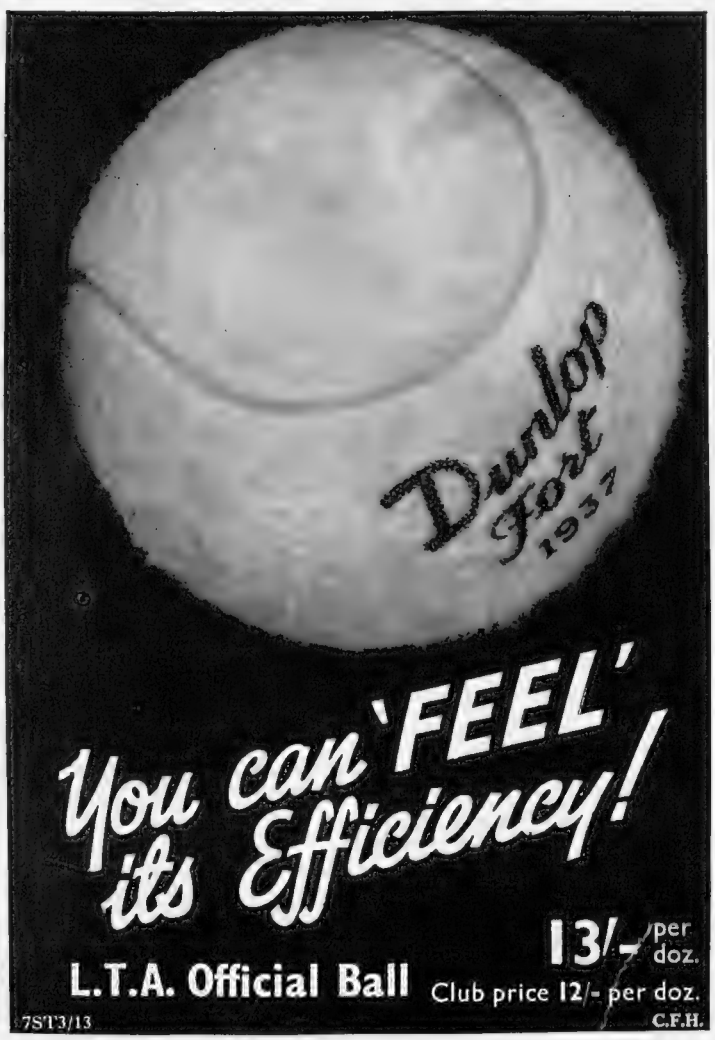

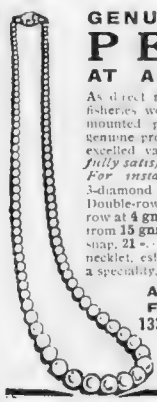

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Ariel *(Continued from page 216)*

of a mirror in which to examine his appearance. He turned into the street where she lived, which was full of small boys playing games and shouting. They took no notice of him. He rang the lady's bell. After a few minutes' delay she opened the door, peered out, muttered crossly, and before he could say anything, had closed the door again and gone away. Erasmus thought this very strange behaviour, but since evidently she had not recognised him, resolved to bring her to the door again, and make himself known immediately it was opened. He rang the bell a second time: a bucket of water was immediately discharged upon him from an upper window.

Erasmus was now convinced that his appearance had grown utterly repulsive, since it seemed that old friends not only failed to recognise him, but were moved by the mere sight of him to indulge in physical demonstrations of disgust. He went away appalled, dismayed, and shaken. For some time he walked without considering where he was going: finding himself presently outside a cinema, he decided to retreat into its darkness, thus postponing for a time the moment when he must confront himself with his own dreadful image.

He asked for a seat and put down his money, not without a qualm. The cashier behind her little window took the coin without looking up, and pressed the button which caused his ticket to be delivered to him. He offered the ticket to the attendant at the door, who took no notice of it, and he passed in with a group of others. No one showed him to a seat, and he sat down at the end of a row. He had not enjoyed the sense of immunity from observation which the place bestowed for more than fifteen minutes when a young woman came and sat down on him. She immediately sprang up, uttering a cry of terror. An attendant hurried up, and Erasmus hurried out. To his surprise and relief, he was not detained.

Erasmus felt exactly like a leper. He hastened home as fast as the depleted condition of his energies and the jolts which he received on every hand allowed. He let himself into the house where he rented a room. Going upstairs, he caught sight of his hand on the banister-rail, adorned with the ring, and was moved to much the same feelings of disgust as one might experience on seeing a wart-hog similarly ornamented. He plucked the gaudy thing off with a shudder. He went into his room. There was a square of glass above the mantelpiece. He looked into it, and found to his amazement that he looked just the same as usual, except that he was rather pale.

He went on staring at his image in the glass for quite five minutes, playing with the ring the while. Without thinking what he was doing, he slipped it on to his finger: his reflection in the mirror immediately disappeared. The strange thing was that while he could see himself quite plainly in the flesh, he could see nothing in the mirror but the furniture behind him. Being a well-read young man, Erasmus quickly grasped the situation; he took off the ring and sat down to think things out.

Erasmus had been very carefully brought up; moreover, his mother had told him that on no account must he ever have anything to do with aught that smacked of witchcraft or the devil. Dearly as he would have liked to obtain some substantial worldly advantage for himself by means of the ring, he soon perceived that he could not do so without dishonesty. The ring would enable him to take goods from shops without paying for them; but that would be stealing. He could get free rides in trains and buses; but that would be fraud. Besides, there was his mother's wish. It was with profound regret that he came to the conclusion that the only plan he could permit himself to think of in connection with the ring, was one for its disposal.

He thought about this for some time. At length his eye fell on a photograph of Miss Amelia Spruddles on the mantelpiece; reflecting how unkindly she had treated him, and how very plain she was, he put the ring into an envelope and despatched it to her, with a note requesting her, though she had scorned his hand, to accept the ring at least, and wear it always for his sake.

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ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss Helme, the Bystander Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, by Friday, May 28th, 1937.

The "BYSTANDER" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes at Gleneagles Hotel G.C., June 15th, 1937, and following days.

PLEASE PRINT.

Please enter
Mrs. / *Miss* .....

of .....*Club.* *L.G.U. Handicap* .....

Home Address ..... *Telephone No.* .....

To play in the above Handicap Foursomes at Gleneagles with

Mrs. / *Miss* .....

of .....*Club.* *L.G.U. Handicap* .....

Home Address ..... *Telephone No.* .....

Please notify change of address, handicap, or partner to Miss Helme as above, or after June 12th to her at Gleneagles Hotel, Perthshire. Telephone: Auchterarder 70.

HOTEL

The Bystander Headquarters for the Scottish Foursomes will be *Gleneagles Hotel, Perthshire, where the special terms for competitors will be 15s. per day inclusive.*

NATIONAL PLAYING FIELDS ASSOCIATION COMPETITION

The Competition for the National Playing Fields Association Challenge Cup and other prizes, conducted by the Scottish Ladies' Golfing Association, will be played at Gleneagles, King's Course, during the Foursomes. ALL ENTRANTS FOR THE "BYSTANDER" SCOTTISH FOURSOMES and members of clubs affiliated to the S.L.G.A. ARE ELIGIBLE TO COMPETE.

CONDITIONS: Medal play under L.G.U. handicap. Entry fee, 2s. 6d. first card, and 1s. for every subsequent card. Entries received on day of play only.

All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competitions must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY
THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON MAY

Name *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

Address .....

.....

Printed in England by The Illustrated London News & Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd., at 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—Wednesday, May 5, 1937. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office.
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London Nights: Dinner, Dance and Cabaret

A Going-Out Guide Specially Compiled for "Bystander" Readers

Ritz Lunch-Entrance to Slow Music

The Ritz

It 's pretty cool to head this article "London Nights," and then start with the Ritz and enthuse over its lunch. But that 's what I 'm going to do, because, if you want to make your first trial of the Ritz (it *al*most makes you feel *you* 're on trial) make it for lunch.

Through the swing doors, proudly, even if you have just stepped off the kind bus. There will be a four-piece band playing your entrance.

You, sir, will have your hat and umbrella taken courteously without being given a ticket. Good, this.

A cocktail, while you watch the world, his wife and his lady enter in their very best. That palm lounge, if they call it that, is a lovely rendezvous, one of the few lit by daylight.

Then down the passage to your table. Perhaps you 'll feed in luxurious informality just short of the restaurant. Perhaps at the ever-in-demand tables just inside the room. Perhaps—and if it 's a nice day, you should—at one of the sunny tables overlooking the Park.

Aletto will minister to your needs.

There 's a Grill downstairs, and cabaret and dancing in the Restaurant in the evenings. A new lift, which even the Ritz is proud of. And the new Bar at the Grill. That 'll be open now.

The Carlton

Once again the Carlton goes gay, and Sydney Kyte will be playing for the dance till further notice in the Restaurant.

Coronation night will have a special cabaret of its own. I commend Oliver Wakefield, "the voice of inexperience." He is an idiot after my own heart. There is a refinement of long practice or natural genius in his utter inability to finish a sentence.

Besides him, there 's Ronald Frankau, an urbane scandal-monger, and Gardner and Kane "a new sensation in dancing." That 'll cost you £3 3s., thank you very much.

On less festive and following nights you can see Afrique doing his impersonations, and doing them as well as ever. Also Evelyne Hayes, from American radio. Ten-thirty and 12. Extension, Tuesdays.

But the cabaret isn't even half the charm of the Carlton, which offers something of itself even when you 're in your merriest mood. It 's a pleasant restaurant always, and the change that comes over it between lunch (diplomats, princes and the great generally) and supper (you and me) is derogatory to nobody.

Do you know the Grill for lunch? Do you know the Palm Court for tea?

Hotel and Restaurant are under the benign eye of Gelardi, most charming of managers. If the great are served with their needs, and the young enjoy themselves, Gelardi is happy. And I 've never known Gelardi *not* happy.

Oliver Wakefield, Voice of Inexperience at the Carlton

The May Fair

The May Fair has got hold of Frakson for its Cabaret. He does the darnedest things, and drops logic into the ash-shute as he makes his entrance to drumming music. He smokes cigarettes and exhales at impossible lengths of time afterwards. He finds pieces of eight (or is it Portuguese doubloons?) in diplomats' ear-holes, and he plays the delightful fool all the time.

Besides him, you can see the Grip Quartette, a sensational squad of adagio fiends; and Pils and Tabet, billed as "the rage of Paris," which always seem to me a double-edged title. Only one edge will be necessary with Pils and Tabet. They sing their own songs, some of them very French, some of them safely English.

Bissett and his Royal Canadians still dispense sweet music in the Ball Room.

The Grill Room is now re-carpeted, walled and setteeéd (is there such a word?).

The Viking, through the archway, is already attracting Scandinavian visitors in search of their native eats and drinks.

And the Lounge in from Stratton Street is still a perfect meeting-place for luxurious tea, youthful cocktails, and even morning coffee.

Frakson Gets Money from Your Ear at the May Fair

Vintage or non-vintage, only the finest cuvées of this excellent Champagne are shipped to this country.

Sovrani's

RESTAURANT AND BAR,
163, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.7.

KENSINGTON 1400

SOVRANI, well known for the best food and service, is living up to his reputation, and this new addition to London's smart restaurants has already established itself a success. Dress optional.

Coronation Gala Dinner
and Dance, May 12th.

Till 2 a.m. **30/-** *Book now*

THE NORMANDIE HOTEL

adjoining, with 120 rooms, sitting rooms and 75 bathrooms, is entirely redecorated and furnished with all modern requirements, under J. SOVRANI'S Personal supervision.

CRAWFORD AND CASKEY

AT MIDNIGHT
2nd EDITION OF NEW REVUE
"BEAUTY MARCHES ON"

CRAWFORD AND CASKEY
(DIRECT FROM HOLLYWOOD)

MAX HERMAN
(THE CONTINENTAL IMPRESSIONIST)

JOHN COLEMAN AND CHARLES TOVEY
(THE SENSATION OF TWO CONTINENTS)
AND
PHILLIP MOSS VERNON'S MANNEQUINS

★ DANCING TO BILLY GERHARDI AND HIS BAND

Piccadilly Hotel

REGENT 6000 RESTAURANT LOUIS XIV EXTENSION NIGHT FRIDAY

Grosvenor House

At Grosvenor House the De Marcos Show How It's Done

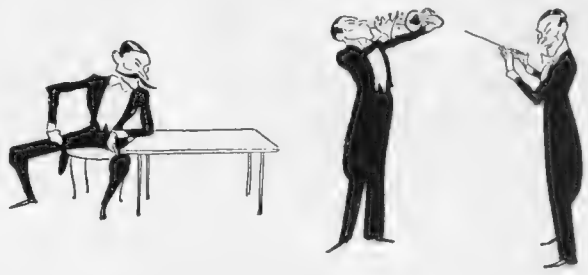
They 're paying the De Marcos £600 a week to dance for your entertainment at Grosvenor House. Perhaps it 's sordid on general principles to talk about money, but up in those figures money seems genuinely beautiful. The De Marcos have been here before, and people who missed seeing them were irritated beyond measure by the pitying remarks of their friends who hadn't. This time they 'll make no mistake.

Otherwise Grosvenor House remains the expansive and smart and cosmopolitan caravanserai it has always been. They 've booked fifteen hundred covers for Coronation night in the Ball Room alone, and their first listing started twelve months ago.

Pastori is the great and soulful maître in the Restaurant, where you can lunch and look forth onto the ebb and flow of Park Lane life, or dine and dance and sup in the luxury of spaciousness.

There have been one or two alterations in the Lounge, that enormous and many-tabled meeting place of the nations. The Grill and the Ball Room you 'll know.

Americans should undoubtedly be tipped off to the excellence of the catering for their especial transatlantic needs. Here is a Grand Babylon where they will find everything very much to their liking.



Jack Jackson, Dorchester's Actor, Musician and Maestro

The Dorchester

From May 10th onwards there will be a new edition of the Dorchester Cabaret.

Morris and Cordoba, exquisite dancers, will be making their first appearance in Europe. They come with a reputation from New York, where they packed the Ritz-Carlton nightly.

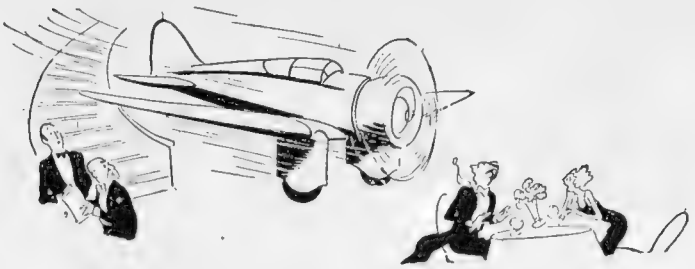
Naunton Wayne remains, which is all to the good. The girls have a sheaf of new numbers and cupboards full of new frocks.

The Dorchester is going full blast for the Coronation. Three pounds three shillings in the Ball Room and Restaurant, 30s. in the Grill, and bookings still rolling in.

To say nothing of a battalion of people who are seeing the procession from the roof, and may have to be fed and entertained for a few days until they can get out into the streets.

But when the captains and the Kings have departed, remember that the Dorchester is among the very smartest lunch, dinner and supper places in town.

Pratesi will help you choose foods and wines in the Restaurant.



Harry Richman Blows into the Café de Paris

Café de Paris

By the time this appears, Harry Richman will have appeared also, singing songs, old and new. He 's the man who flew the Atlantic for something to do, the man who opens successful night-clubs in New York before breakfast, sings, acts, plays the fool, and looks handsome as they come.

Oh, yes. He 's a film star as well, and the Café de Paris are making no bones about admitting that his salary is high, wide and handsome, too. Five hundred pounds a week, the highest salary they 've ever paid anyone there.

Lew Stone plays as usual. Prices as usual, except on Coronation night, when they go, naturally, to the three-guinea level. (But they will surely be booked by this time, won't they ?) It 's 15s. 6d. in the balcony, where you needn't be dressed, and 21s. downstairs, where you must. Extension, Wednesday.

General remarks : well, the Café de Paris never lets you down. It is too big to be a cliquey resort. But Society has marked it for its own, and you should put on your loveliest when you go there. Personally, I like those shaded sofas round the back, whence you can see and hear everything, but still be delightfully on your own.

Food, wine and service leave nothing to be desired.

The San Marco

Florence Desmond is carrying the cabaret on her very able shoulders. It would be unfair to tell you the list of stage stars she is putting in their places with her facile and brilliant impersonations. The lay-out of her act, however, is a party given by Leslie Henson, and you can be sure that young F. Desmond will line them up with quips, quirks, wreathed smiles and not a few sly digs.

Florence Desmond Rides a San Marco Dragon

Otherwise, the San Marco will be its pleasant self. Which is very pleasant.

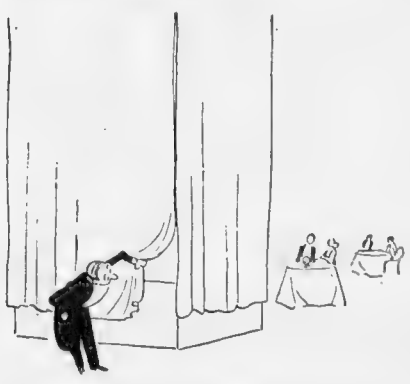
The place gains much from its decoration and lighting, which puts you in a glamorous mood straight away. Not you, sir. But watch your lady react to it all.

Ben Oakley will make you want to dance.

Food always good : lunch, dinner and supper. Chef Bougault is said to be the only bearded chef in the West End, but I believe they 're wrong there, but can't correct them.

Umberto is maitre, and he will be delighted to suggest to you the simplest and most exotic products of a kitchen that is well worth testing. They say that kitchen is the cleanest in London. And, again in whispers, the most expensive to run. It must be worth it, though.

The Piccadilly



Peeping Tom at the Piccadilly (He can't wait for the curtain to go up)

Last month, in the Useless Information Department of these columns, I told you of the octagonal lensed spectacles of various members of a dance band not a hundred miles from Berkeley Square.

I am able now exclusively to reveal a similar piece of hot news : viz., that the three saxophonists of Billy Gerhardi's Band at the Piccadilly wear blue-smoked specs while they're on the job. To avoid spotlight glare.

Have you seen the new raised dance floor of the restaurant?

EVERY NIGHT AT THE

CARLTON

STAR-CABARET CORONATION WEEK
will include
RONALD FRANKAU
(of stage and radio fame)
GARDNER & KANE
(American dancing sensation)
OLIVER WAKEFIELD
(The voice of inexperience)
SYDNEY KYTE'S BAND
Extensions till 2 a.m.

Dinner, Supper, Dancing and Exclusive Star-Cabaret at 10 and 12.

SYDNEY KYTE'S BAND

Extension Night Tuesday till 2 a.m.

PALL MALL, S.W.1. WHITEHALL 7300

Café Chantant

Ritz

. . . cabaret stars entertain you nightly. Dancing to JOE KAYE'S Ritz Dance Band. Extension night : Wednesday.

CORONATION WEEK
HILDEGARDE
with new songs and old favourites.
THE MUSIC HALL BOYS
of the Gay Nineties
INDEFATIGABLE CHARLIE
from International Sporting Club, Monte Carlo
Extensions till 2 a.m.

PICCADILLY, W.1. • PHONE: REGENT 8181

at the San Marco
LONDON'S LOVELIEST RESTAURANT
at midnight
Florence Desmond
with her New Repertoire
for the next 4 weeks
Mayfair 4811
LUNCHEON 6/6
QUICK LUNCHEON 4/6
DINNER 15/6
THEATRE DINNER 8/6
SUPPER 12/6
DECOR XVth CENTURY VENETIAN PALACE DESIGNED BY OLIVER MESSEL
MUSIC EVERY EVENING FROM 9 P.M. TO 2 A.M. THE LATEST "SLIDE MUSIC" BY BEN OAKLEY
CUISINE UNDER THE PERSONAL DIRECTION OF UMBERTO
LATE OF CAFE MARTIN, NEW YORK, AND CAFE DE PARIS, MONTE CARLO

The New QUEENS
Brasserie, Bierkeller, Tyrolean Laendler Band.
Open every night till 12.30. Fully Licensed.
London's latest rendezvous.
LEICESTER SQUARE (Next the "Empire")

VEERASWAMY'S
INDIA RESTAURANT
99, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1.
NEW AND LARGER PREMISES OVERLOOKING REGENT STREET
ALL KINDS OF INDIAN, BURMESE AND CEYLONESE DISHES PREPARED BY EXPERT INDIAN COOKS AND SERVED BY INDIAN KHITMUTGARS
also 1st Class English Cooking.
ENTIRELY REDECORATED • OPEN SUNDAYS • REGENT 1380 • FULLY LICENSED

Quinto's Restaurant
(from Monte Carlo)
REGENT 4707
A perfect Cuisine and Choicest Wines.
Under the personal direction of "Victor."
ARLINGTON HOUSE, ARLINGTON STREET, S.W.1.

And the smart, if Heath-Robinsonian, curtain arrangement they 've fixed up to conceal exits and entrances of the cabaret stars ?

And do you know the Grill, for informal eating, music and dancing, to say nothing of full cabaret ?

You must be dressed for Restaurant dancing, and you 'll find plenty of room to do your steps. Things go quietly and mighty pleasantly.

Prices are far from exorbitant, and the Piccadilly Mannequins are a graceful crowd of performers. Food, first class.

Quinto's

Wines and Wines and Wines at Quinto's

Practically every poet has let himself go on the subject of wine. But it was not to Homer, Horace or Omar that I turned after being taken reverently round Mr. Victor's cellars. It was to an American, and a novelist at that: Christopher Morley. Did you ever come across his *Epigrams in a Cellar* ? This is dreadful, quoting poetry here. But you 'd better have it. *Corton* 1915 (*with a dead spider, crystallised in white limestone moistures, clinging to the bottle*)—

"And here lies Corton, which Arachne chose
In the cold cellar, craving summer's heat,
And tried, and tried in vain, before she froze,
To warm on you her chilly little feet.
So to your spark of sunshine she expressed
More tribute than a hundred poets give ;
On your dark shoulder let none break her rest,
A perfect little ivory adjective."

Thank you, Mr. Morley. And thank *you*, Mr. Victor. May your wines be appreciated for what they 're worth, which must be a King's ransom.

There is food, too, you know. Amply good enough for the wines. Try the *Truite de Rivière*, and the *Poussin en Cocotte Riviera*. Put yourself in Victor's hands when you go to Quinto's for that very special dinner you 've been promising yourself and your nearest and dearest.

Luigi's

Mr. Luigi has just opened a "downstairs," which shows all the symptoms of being the success it deserves. A bar, and little tables where you 'll be able to get a quick bite or a long meal in rather more informal atmosphere than upstairs.

Luigi's Veal Special goes up in Flames

You know the upstairs by now, don't you ? A pleasant Z-shaped room, with that bar and lounge before the entrance.

Full-dress and gala diners are apt to find themselves nearer Jermyn Street than the business-suited. But there 's no hard-and-fast rule.

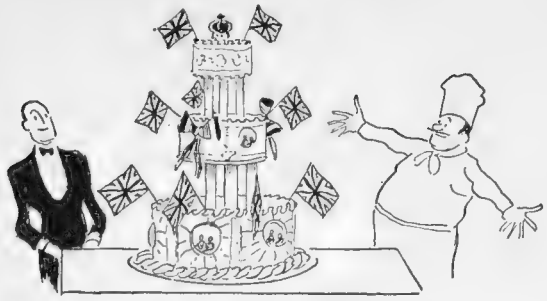
Luigi himself is a suave, handsome and welcoming host, with a most appetising voice. If you don't fall for his baby lamb, special veal, or even sucking-pig, when he starts recommending them, you 're a less impressionable man than I.

The food is superb, the service in keeping. Ever and anon you 'll see great sheets of flame hissing to the ceiling, as yet another "special veal" is soaked in its brandy. And the sweet-trolley is tempting if it is the fourth course. Which, if you know the form of the first three courses, is high praise for the sweet-trolley.

A great place for the week-end as well as the week. Wines to tickle the palate of the fussiest.

And Luigi's claim of feeding the prettiest girls in London is justified.

BRISTOL RESTAURANT
Reopened under direction of MARELLA, formerly of the Savoy and of Grosvenor House. Service and decoration modernised and improved. Rendezvous in the heart of the West End. For those who appreciate good fare at moderate prices. Luncheon 3/6. Dinner 5/6, and à la Carte. No music. Open for dinner on Sundays.
17 · CORK STREET · LONDON · W.1 Telephone REGent 5680



Coronation Cake at the New Clarges

The New Clarges

If you 're not hungry by the time you 've passed the side-tables on the way to your divan seat at the end of the room at the New Clarges, you ought to be. What is it that differentiates these from the side-tables at other restaurants? I don't know. But they fill me with the same feeling of beastly greed that I sometimes give way to on encountering a Sunday morning breakfast sideboard at a lavish country house.

Anyway, the place deserves your appetite, quite apart from its side-tables. You couldn't find a more agreeable site for lunch or lingering dinner than here, in the restaurant overlooking Clarges Street.

Binaco is all anxious for your comfort, and the waiters come beaming to inveigle you into having just what you want.

You mustn't think of this restaurant as simply the restaurant of, and for, the hotel. Hotel residents use it—and small blame to them. But it 's gradually getting a beaten track made to its door by others from all parts of London and the country.

Prices are about right. And you can dine till midnight and after. Ask to see and taste the Coronation Gâteau.

Brian Lawrence at the Lansdowne "Mike"

Lansdowne Restaurant

When the weather gets hot, remember the Lansdowne. You 'll find it the coolest of retreats. Before the weather gets hot, remember the Lansdowne, because, temperature apart, it 's a delightful restaurant, especially popular now with Berkeley Square shoppers for lunch.

In the evening Brian Lawrence gets going with the music. He starts at 8.45, and doesn't fold up till well into the morning hours. A very easy rhythm for dancing he purveys, too. You needn't dress to enjoy him. The atmosphere of the Lansdowne, though smart, is flexible, and Brian Lawrence is part cause of that flexibility.

In the interims of his playing, the Ginx Quartet takes his place on the stand, and plays rumbas and such-like.

I hear, rather to my relief, that the Farm is to remain the Farm, in name, anyway, and not the Coronation Room, which it is now in decoration.

Fernandez is host, and a very good one now as ever.

Same prices as usual during Coronation week. And ask for *Filet Sole à la Fernandez.* It will be cooked at your table.

YOU CAN ENJOY AUTHENTIC AUSTRIAN CUISINE
In Viennese Surroundings at the
Austria Restaurant and Salzburg Grill,
PICCADILLY CIRCUS,
Dancing to Viennese Music.
KASZNARS BAND with HAROLD SANDLER.
Luncheons, Dinners. Suppers. Extension Thursdays.
BOOK A TABLE. WHI. 7361.

Drink and Enjoy
MATTONI
(Giesshübler)
Natural Mineral Water
Bottled at the springs near Carlsbad.
Obtainable at all restaurants and wine merchants.

MARIUS B. WINTER'S
DANCE ORCHESTRAS

Carlton House, REGENT STREET
WHItehall 4816

The Dorchester ★
PRESENTS A NEW REVUE
★ **'JUST FOR FUN'** ★
A cabaret that surpasses anything of its kind in London"— Evening Standard
NAUNTON WAYNE, "MAKES A GREAT HIT AS COMPERE" —SUNDAY DISPATCH
★
JANE **MOORE** AND BILLY **REVEL,** "WHOSE BURLESQUE DANCING IS UPROARIOUS" —EVENING NEWS
★
PAUL **MEERES** AND BARBARA **MEADE,** "DANCE WITH EXOTIC GRACE" —THE TIMES
★
GRACE WORTH, "ABUNDANT PERSONALITY AND GRAND SENSE OF FUN"—EVENING NEWS
★
GRETA GYNT, "AN ACCOMPLISHED COMEDIENNE" —MORNING POST
GRETA GYNT

★
THE ALBERTINA RASCH GIRLS,
"STREAMLINED PATTERNS OF PULCHRITUDE" —DAILY EXPRESS
★
JACK JACKSON AND HIS BAND
PRODUCED BY HENRY SHEREK

★ **BLUE ROOM RESTAURANT**
JERMYN STREET, S.W.1
Telephone: *Regent 3220*
★ **EXCELLENT CUISINE**
LUNCH 4/6 DINNER 8/6
SUPPER 7/6 and a la Carte
★ **DANCING DURING DINNER**
AND SUPPER TO FIORENTI'S GAUCHO'S
CABARET
★ **Visit the BEAUTIFUL AMERICAN BAR**
EXTENSION OF LICENCE EVERY THURSDAY until 2 a.m.
Write to the Manager for particulars of our special CORONATION PROGRAMME.

LONDON CASINO

The Gayest Restaurant in the World

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OR
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CLIFFORD C. FISCHER'S

Folies D'AMOUR

AN AMAZING REVUE
OF
AUDACIOUS EXTRAVAGANCE

in 2 Acts—15 Scenes
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International Artists

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DANCING
TO
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AND HIS BANDS

15/6
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FULLY LICENSED — NO CHARGE FOR ADMISSION
MANAGING DIRECTOR, M. POULSEN — TELEPHONE: 4693 GERRARD

EXTENSION TUESDAYS

le bon Vivеur

SHEPHERD MARKET MAYFAIR
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DIRECTION V. DAVICO

Sovrani gets Trout for his Potted Char from Lake Geneva

Sovrani's of Knightsbridge

It is a very happy accident that finds the great Sovrani providing his utterly West End fare to mentally West End clients in the comparative hinterland of Knightsbridge. But there he is—and his is a delicious haven, in blue divanity, for the tired, lazy and smart, each in their mood.

By the time you read this, he will have thrown down the wall on the left as you go in, and will have raised his maximum at-one-time seating accommodation to over a hundred. The success of Sovrani's in Knightsbridge has been greater and swifter than Sovrani himself expected.

Why? Because his restaurant is slightly informal, slightly Bohemian, nicely cool, very refreshing, and very easy on the palate, as the name ensures.

The prices are West End, but, on the purely sordid, quid-pro-quo angle, the helpings, as we call them in the nursery, are vast.

One or two things are unique. Sovrani's potted char, for instance, which are sea-trout which he has specially caught for him in the Lake of Geneva, if that 's feasible. As he says, " terribly expensive, but very, very good."

And he has his own mark of champagne, which he sells either by the glass, or in his champagne cocktails. At the other end, his Vin Rosé is superb, at 5s. a carafe.

Open and flourishing, on Sundays. Highly recommended every day.

The London Casino

It might be worth while explaining here, for the benefit of Coronation visitors, what London already has found to its delight at the London Casino.

Poulsen 's behind it. Poulsen of the Café de Paris. And it is as near as you 'll get in England, I suppose, to the exoticisms of Continental capitals. An enormous stage-show lasting goodness knows how long, with slinky and appetising chorines. Plenty of rough-and-tumble comedy show. Turns of all sorts.

A young music-hall in fact, but far more comfortable for the spectators. They sit, as though at the theatre, with tables, drinks and eats in front of them, applaud the show, and, when the show isn't functioning, dance themselves.

All London Casino Eyes on the Beauties of " Folies d'Amour "

Two bands, with Debroy Somers doing the honours, play for show and/or communal hoofing.

More details. Dinner from 7.30 to 10.45, with the show, which is called *Folies d'Amour*, at 8.15. Supper from 11 to 2, with show at midnight. On Saturdays only one session, from 7.30 to midnight, and the show at 8.30.

Prices for dinner or supper, plus dancing, 15s. 6d., with a little jugglery for people who come late for the dinner and stay through supper. Saturdays a trifle more. Extension night is Tuesday. And you must dress if you want to dance. Coronation night, £3 3s. minimum. All clear?

And remember that it 's being tremendously, and rightly, popular; so book your table.

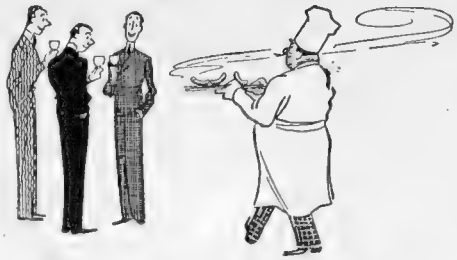
The Blue Room

The Singing Sisters will be entertaining supper-eaters in the Blue Room till the beginning of June. They 're an attractive group, and have something new to put over in technique.

Besides these girls, there are the Blue Room Girls themselves, with a new show since quite recently. You can see and hear all of them either at the Blue Room at midnight, or upstairs in Prince's Restaurant earlier. And, for your special delectation, if you 're a Country Cousin and can't manage late night cabarets, you can actually see the whole show on Saturday at lunch time. I imagine this idea of the Prince's brainstormers is unique. A full dress cabaret plus four-course lunch for something like 4s. 6d. Worth looking into.

Dancing every night, except Sunday, in the restaurant across the floor. Dancing in Prince's every night till 1, with Thursdays till 2.

Other details. Prince's is catering, so help them, for 2200 breakfasters and lunchers on May 12th, from the adjoining stands.



Six o'clock at the Blue Room means Hot Sausages

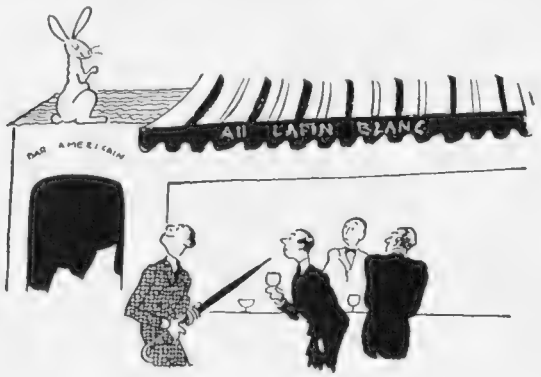
And, if you're in the Blue Room Bar around 6.45 any night, you 'll see François, the circumferential and smiling chef, come in with his hot sausages and cocktail savouries. A warming sight.

Le Bon Viveur Club

Business will be strictly as usual over the festive week at the Bon Viveur. Which is rather comforting.

By the way, I maligned the Bon Viveur in a mild way last time I wrote about it. I said that eighteen was a crowd. I didn't mean that as accurate. Actually, Davico can get a comfortable fifty in at a sitting, so long as they 're not all twosoming. And, as it 's a place you go when you want early or late food, the numbers served throughout an evening are pretty staggering if you visualise them all there together.

Besides lunch, it 's open and welcoming for dinner and supper, and they don't take the lighted candle from the window till around 1.30 in the morning. There 's dancing sometimes. There 's lovely food always. There 's a sound wine list at Club prices—which means that you 'll pay 17s. 6d. for an Ayala which would set you back 22s. anywhere else half as smart. The supper licence



There's no Close Season for White Rabbits at the Bon Viveur

continues till 12.30. And it is always just the right atmosphere after its propinquant Curzon comfort.

Don't forget the Lapin Blanc, the pleasant, Gallic little cocktail bar.

Veeraswamy's

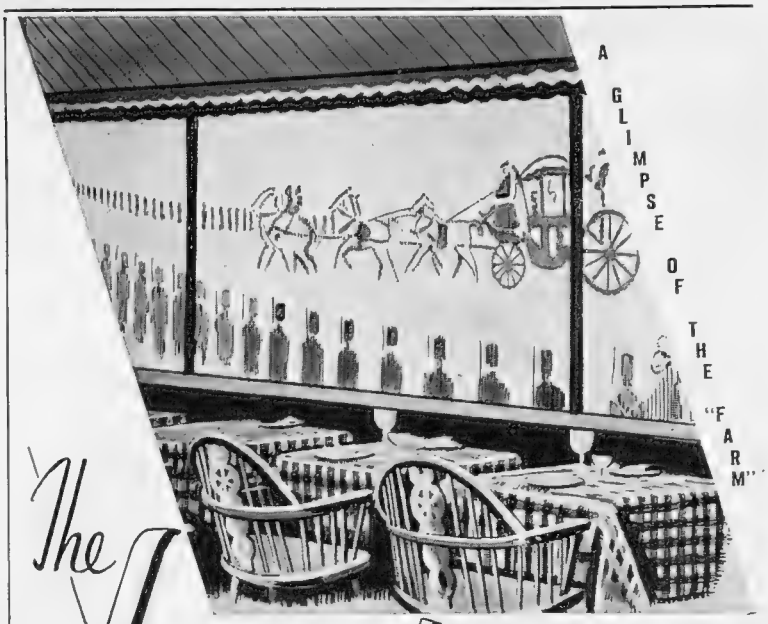
In order to stress a minor point last month I said, *à propos* Veeraswamy's, that I had never been to India. This was a thumping lie. Until the age of six I was a *pukka* little *baba-sahib* up north, famous, in my way, for my idiomatic command of Hindustani bazaar invective. That has all slipped my memory now, and, anyway, it is distinctly unnecessary at this most obliging of Indian restaurants.

But what does remain—and I proved it—is a fierce love of mangoes, guavas and chupattis. All of which, to say nothing of the curries you 'd expect, you can get in Swallow Street (no joke), at spotless table-cloths, and served by spotless-linened *khitmutgars* (I bet that 's the wrong word).

Do go and taste those mangoes. They 'll be tinned till the end of May, but they 're good enough at that. Never mind if you 're not the sort that eats your curry with a spoon; you 'll enjoy everything.

Ask Ranadeira Carolis what he does on his off-afternoons. He 'll give you an enormous smile, and tell you something

The Cingalese Curry Expert at Veeraswamy's



The Lansdowne

LONDON'S COOLEST RESTAURANT

BRIAN LAWRANCE and his BAND
and the **GINX QUARTETTE**

The "Farm," newly decorated for Coronation Year adjoins the Restaurant, and specializes in Quick Luncheons, Snacks at the bar and Theatre Dinners at reasonable à la carte prices.

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THE GRIP QUARTETTE
The Sensational Dancers

BILLY BISSETT
and his
Royal Canadians
play the latest swing music
Ext. Friday. May 7777.

AISLE AND FAREWELL

"So the condemned man ate a hearty breakfast?"

"Oddly enough he did — in spite of last night's stag party. All set now for the orange blossoms."

"And the little head?"

"Ticking over beautifully old boy. Cool as a frame-full of cucumbers. Am I becoming a saturated solution — or is it just the influence of a good woman?"

"Your ignorance of the facts of life, Edmond, is little short of monumental. Remember the long draught of Rose's Lime Juice I made you drink before retiring? Pause and consider, Edmond — knowing me as you do — was that pure altruism?"

"I've never known you do an unselfish act in your life old boy."

"Right. My only concern was to save myself trouble and get you to the church in such condition that you could both speak audibly and walk unaided. With the help of Rose's Lime Juice I have succeeded. Listen carefully, Edmond, while I explain the action of Rose's —"

"I say — look! Quarter to eleven! Where's the ring? Where's my hat? Is the car ready? Is my tie all right? — Hurry up, hurry up. Where's my — oh, here it is — QUICK!"

ROSE'S LIME JUICE — THE WISE MAN'S NIGHTCAP

Drambuie

THE LIQUEUR OF A PRINCE

Romance clings about the history of Drambuie, first brought to Scotland almost two hundred years ago by a follower of Prince Charlie. It was then a well-known and precious drink, valued for its rarity and its excellence. To-day, Drambuie is pre-eminent the world over on the table of the connoisseur. Obtainable in all first-class establishments.

AN INDISPENSABLE PART OF A GOOD COCKTAIL.

We recommend the Isle of Skye Cocktail—⅓rd each Lemon Juice, Drambuie, Gin.

NEW CLARGES RESTAURANT

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A quietly luxurious hotel, situated in the heart of the West End, and noted for its cuisine, comfort and service. Double and single rooms, large and small suites.

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'Grams: Clarghotel, Audley, London.

that you wouldn't expect. Actually this colourful individual is head Cingalese curry man.

What else? A place to see the Coronation procession from? Yes, if you 're quick. A place to get dashed good English food is you want it? Yes. Norfolk chicken fans, please note. Prices very moderate. I like.

The Queen's Brasserie brings the Tyrol to Leicester Square

The Queen's, Leicester Square

This is something pretty new and enterprising. Did you know the Queen's before? A new management has now spent far more than it intended to, and the place has gone Bavarian on us. Not the upstairs bar, so much, but down the steps. There you 'll find all sorts of Tyrolean memories, a full-size *Bierkeller*, with own bar, and another ditto just outside, and a Tyrolean Laendler band that does everything except collect eidelweiss from 7.30 to 12 every night. But there 's no dancing.

The prices for meals are very reasonable. *A la carte*, with daily specials, two or three, so that you know you can get your *Holsteiner Schnitzel* on Wednesdays and so forth.

And there 's quite an accent on Scandinavia in the food line, too—those sandwiches and *smorrebröd* affairs, with Swedish punch and schnapps. Nor is that all. America comes into it. Corn beef hash like mother makes, salads of great efficiency and delicacy, and lots of transatlantic understanding.

Finally, you 'd better know about Charlie Pearce, the barman. He started in a circus as a bare-backed rider. Now here he is. You 'd better ask him all about it: how he changed his profession. He 's in the bar outside the *bierkeller*.

The Bristol in Cork Street

Why, you may ask, if you 're a cosmopolitan, is there a Bristol Hotel or Restaurant in every important capital in Europe? I asked it myself of Mr. Marella, who has recently converted the old Bristol here into something pretty swagger and new. Apparently in the days of Grand Tours young Lord Bristol made the grandest of the lot, and spent so much money in the hotels at which he stayed on the Continent that in deep gratitude the managements, without collusion, called the places after him. Well, that 's a good story, though it gets less likely each time you think it over.

The Home Bristol, anyway, is up and coming. Mr. Marella has put a little snack bar upstairs, flanking the main American Bar, which is as you go in at Cork Street. There 's a Grill downstairs. Everything renovated, *clientèle* much improved. Flowers all over the place. Lunch, 3s. 6d., dinner, 5s. 6d. Chef, Schaffer. Open Sunday evenings. No music. Just peace.

R. U.

Marella of the Bristol

SOME COCKTAIL SUGGESTIONS

"Billy," of the Café Royal, suggests this Coronation Bacardi cocktail—two-thirds Bacardi, one-third cherry brandy, dash of dry Vermouth.

Harry Craddock, of Savoy Hotel, suggests "The Rumba" cocktail—half Bacardi, half Lillet. Shake well in ice, strain, squeeze lemon peel on top.

"Tony," of the Trocadero, gives this "May Morn" cocktail—two-thirds Bacardi, one-third Cointreau, juice of half lime, Grenadine enough to colour, and a little white of egg.

Booklet of cocktail recipes sent on request to sole agents, Hedges and Butler, 153, Regent Street, London.

Frocks for Young Ladies

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(SECOND FLOOR)

Nothing over 8½ Gns.

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(*Below*) AN EVENING TWO-PIECE in Poult Taffeta, comprising Evening Gown with detachable Coatee with gold embroidery, and ecru net sunray pleated underskirt. In green/gold, navy/silver, ice-blue/silver. Price complete **8½ gns.**

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What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

May 5 — May 11

First Night and Matinee dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE.—Ralph Richardson is the amazing doctor mixed up with some amusing crooks: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ANNA CHRISTIE.—Flora Robson plays Anna with accurately controlled emotion, Niall MacGinnis and Edward Rigby give solid support in this early O'Neill: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30 (last three days).

THE ASCENT OF F 6.—Auden and Isherwood's controversial, versified play transfers unchanged from the Mercury: Little, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

BATS IN THE BELFRY.—Aunt Lilian Braithwaite, with Henry Kendall opposite, decides the destiny of Lydia Sherwood and Vivien Leigh and others in an amusing comedy: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

BLACK LIMELIGHT.—Margaret Rawlings has a strong part round which pivots an intelligent and effective thriller: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CANDIDA.—Last three days of Diana Wynyard, Stephen Haggard and Nicholas Hannen in this Shaw: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HENRY V.—A noble production by Guthrie with Laurence Olivier as the King, Jessica Tandy and Ivy St. Helier: Old Vic, 8. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

JANE EYRE.—Completely satisfying adaptation of the Brontë novel with Curigwen Lewis as Jane and Reginald Tate as Rochester: Aldwych, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

NIGHT ALONE.—Richard Bird is the making of this excellent little trifle: Duke of York's, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SARAH SIMPLE.—A. A. Milne's first comedy for five years has divorce in the air and Leonora Corbett in the lead: Garrick, 8.30.

STRATFORD FESTIVAL.—Representative Shakespeare programme throughout the summer at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Full of human values, this long-runner is about a family dominated by its grand-matriarch (Nancy Price): Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

AND ON WE GO.—Marie Löhr is the pillar of this brightly coloured and decorated revue with Charles Heslop and June Knight in support: Savoy, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BALALAIKA.—White Russian plot is strong for a musical comedy, spectacle is splendid, music ordinary; Muriel Angelus and Roger Treville lead, Clifford Mollison in support: His Majesty's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BIG BUSINESS.—Bobby Howes, Vera Pearce, Bertha Belmore and Wylie Watson are singly and collectively equal to all or no situation—mostly the latter: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CARELESS RAPTURE.—Ivor Novello heads his own vast, romantic show, with Dorothy Dickson and Zena Dare and huge chorus: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE GRAND DUCHESS.—Offenbach revival, somewhat adapted, with Bruce Carfax, Enid Cruickshank and Richard Goolden: Daly's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HOME AND BEAUTY.—Mostly good, Cochran's ponderous Coronation revue has Nelson Keys, Binnie Hale and Gitta Alpar on top of their respective forms: Adelphi. 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ON YOUR TOES.—Revival of the witty musical with Vera Zorina, Jack Whiting and Olive Blakeney: Coliseum, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

OVER SHE GOES.—Slap-stick to music, with Stanley Lupino, Laddie Cliff, and Adèle Dixon to make it go: Saville, 8.15. Sat., 2.30.

RED, BRIGHT AND BLUE.—Second of Charlot's non-stops is a Coronation revue, with Ronald Frankau and Rene Roberts: Vaudeville, 2.30-11.15.

REVUDEVILLE No. 91.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slap-stick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

SWING ALONG.—Leslie Henson's musical swings along as the best of its kind in London should, with Louise Browne, Fred Emney and Zelma O'Neal in support: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SWING IN THE AIR.—Flanagan and Allen fill a large part of this mixed bill, and Jack Hylton another large part: Palladium, 6.20 and 9.

Mirth and Mystery

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—Harold Warrender and Lucille Lisle in St. John Ervine's sparkling long-runner: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2 30.

BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON.—Dennis Arundell and Veronica Turleigh as Dorothy Sayers' ready-made but amusing detective couple, in an effective if simple plot: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Lively laughter-maker with Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, Leueen McGrath and Guy Middleton: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE FROG.—Big-size thriller, generous in cast and effects; Gordon Harker and Jack Hawkins lead; well entrenched at the Prince's: 8.10. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—Jane Baxter and Ronald Ward, Noël Howlett and Joyce Barbour lead the cast in a roaring comedy in which nothing happens: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's hyper-romantic school play, with Frederick Leister in the name-part, J. H. Roberts and Joan White: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

LONDON AFTER DARK.—Marion Lorne tremulously in trouble again with a typical Hackett plot whose suspense is well maintained: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

MILE-AWAY MURDER.—A murderer and the police cross swords of bluff and counter-bluff in A. A.'s new thriller; D. A. Clarke-Smith, Walter Hudd, Gillian Maude: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE SQUEAKER.—Alastair Sim, Hartley Power, Henry Wenman lead a large cast in Edgar Wallace's rapid, effective murder story: Strand, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

May 19
"Bystander" Coronation No.
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1066 AND ALL THAT.—A revival of the musical burlesque on our rough island's story: Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

WISE TO-MORROW.—Almost enthralling and almost witty, the plot gives Martita Hunt and Diana Churchill good chances, and Naunton Wayne some good lines Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CINEMAS

BURGTHEATER (Viennese).—Willy Forst's film, set in the famous Vienna theatre, is a drama of youth and age with Wernher Krauss, Willy Eichenberger, Olga Tschekowa and new star Hortense Raky: Academy

ELEPHANT BOY (British).—Flaherty and Korda's adaptation of Kipling's *Toomai* has some fine jungle shots and effective natural acting: Leicester Square.

FAREWELL AGAIN (British).—Flora Robson and Leslie Banks star in a film with an Army background; also Patricia Hilliard: Plaza.

THE GOOD EARTH (American).—Thalberg's last production is a convincing and moving translation of Pearl Buck's realistic novel, thanks to Paul Muni and Luise Rainer: Palace Theatre, 2.30 and 8.30.

JUMP FOR GLORY (British).—A tough burglar story with Douglas Fairbanks, junior, and Valerie Hobson: London Pavilion.

LLOYD'S OF LONDON (American).—A romantic, all-English adventure about the early underwriting days, with Madeleine Carroll, Tyrone Power and George Sanders and big supporting cast: Gaumont.

LOST HORIZON (American).—Capra's newest from Hilton's book is almost convincing apart from some watery philosophy; Ronald Colman, Jane Wyatt, Edward Everett Horton: Tivoli.

O KAY FOR SOUND (British).—The crazy gang (Flanagan, Allen, Naughton, Gold, Nervo, Knox) in the Palladium slapstick revue: New Gallery.

PÉPÉ LE MOKO (French).—Mireille Balin and Jean Gabin lead in a tale of Apaches in the native quarter of Algiers; high standard of taut integrity: Curzon.

TAINTED MONEY (American).—Rochelle Hudson, Bruce Cabot and Cesar Romero in a story of kidnapping: Regal

TAKE A CHANCE (British).—Claude Hulbert's film shares the bill with a Laurel and Hardy, *Way Out West*: Empire.

THREE SMART GIRLS (American).—Deanna Durbin, new fifteen-year-old star, Barbara Read and Nan Grey are the three with good support in a capital comedy: Marble Arch Pavilion.

OPERA

CORONATION SEASON OF INTERNATIONAL OPERA at Covent Garden, under Beecham's Artistic Direction; London Philharmonic Orchestra; collaboration of the Paris Grand Opera and Opéra Comique, and de Basil's Ballets Russes: conductors bracketed after name of opera

TURANDOT (Barbirolli).—To-night, 5th, 8.15.
ALCESTE (Gaubert).—Thurs, 6th, 8.
AÏDA (Salfi).—Fri., 7th, 8.
TURANDOT.—Mon., 10th, 8.15.
CARMEN (Beecham).—Tues., 11th, 8.

SADLER'S WELLS:

AÏDA.—To-night, 5th, 7.45.
FALSTAFF.—Thurs., 6th, 8.
HUGH THE DROVER.—Fri., 7th, 8.30.
FALSTAFF.—Sat., 8th, 8.
HUGH THE DROVER.—Tues., 11th, 8.30.

BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

THE HAUNTED BALLROOM, A WEDDING BOUQUET, LES PATINEURS.—Sat., 8th, 2.30.

MARKOVA-DOLIN BALLET, King's Theatre, Hammersmith:

GISELLE, DIVERTISSEMENT.—To-night, 5th, 8.30.
SHOW FOLK, LES SYLPHIDES, DIVERTISSEMENT.—Thurs., 6th, 2.30.
HUNGARIA, THE HOUSE PARTY, DIVERTISSEMENT.—Thurs., 6th, 8.30.
GISELLE, THE HOUSE PARTY.—Fri., 7th, 8.30.
LES SYLPHIDES, AUCASSIN AND NICOLETTE, CASSE-NOISETTE.—Sat., 8th, 2.30.
HUNGARIA, THE HOUSE PARTY, CASSE-NOISETTE.—Sat., 8th, 8.30.
LAC DES CYGNES (Act I.), THE BELOVED ONE, DIVERTISSEMENT.—Mon., 10th, 8.30.
HUNGARIA, THE HOUSE PARTY, DIVERTISSEMENT.—Tues., 11th, 8.30.

MUSIC

ELENA GERHARDT.—Recital at the Wigmore Hall Mon., 10th, 8.30.

EXHIBITIONS AND SPORT

ROYAL ACADEMY.—Burlington House.

CONSTABLE CENTENARY EXHIBITION.—Tate Gallery.

THE SOCIETY V. SOUTH AFRICANS GOLF MATCH.—Addington, Mon., 9th.

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FOLKESTONE - BOULOGNE	HARWICH - - ZEEBRUGGE
NEWHAVEN - - - DIEPPE	HARWICH - - - ESBJERG
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Getting Married:

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Elliott & Fry

Evelyn Haynes

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Haynes, of Pebworth Manor, near Stratford-on-Avon; she is engaged to Hugh Wilfred Lankester Haynes, elder son of the Rev. H. L. and Mrs. Haynes, of 44, Madeley Road, Ealing

Bassano

Elizabeth Faussett-Osborne

Is the third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Faussett-Osborne, of Queendown Warren, near Sittingbourne, and is engaged to Capt. Richard Hubert Sams, R.E., elder son of Sir Hubert and Lady Sams, of 246, Hills Road, Cambridge

Lenare

Patience Krook

Is the younger daughter of Mrs. Reginald Howlett, of Trafalgar Park, Kingston, Jamaica; she is engaged to Norman McCaskie, only son of Dr. and Mrs. Norman McCaskie, of 14, Onslow Square, S.W.7

Kay Vaughan

Evelyn Hester Blois

Is the eldest daughter of the Rev. Gervase and the Hon. Mrs. Blois, of Hanbury Rectory, Worcestershire, and is engaged to Mervyn Charles Mason, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Alwyne Mason, of Foxley Manor, Malmesbury, Wiltshire

Catherine Bell

Dorothy Cressida Bailey

Is the eldest daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. W. Cooper Bailey, of The Knoll, 57, Duchy Road, Harrogate, Yorks.; she is engaged to Allan Leslie Prosser, elder son of the late Henry Prosser and Mrs. Prosser, of Harrogate

Bassano

Rosemary Hedges

Is the second daughter of Major and Mrs. F. R. Hedges, of Wallingford Castle, Berkshire, and is engaged to Alfred Francis Wells, the Royal Berkshire Regiment, son of Captain and the late Mrs. C. E. Wells, of Kingwood Common, Oxon.

Elwin Neame

Mrs. Diane Graham-Scott

Of 4, Pont Street, S.W.1, is the daughter of Mrs. A. Southerton, of Westcliff; she is engaged to John Simpson, F.R.C.S., of 118, Harley Street, W.1, son of Colonel and Mrs. P. J. Simpson, of Maidenhead

Lenare

Mary Egerton

Is the daughter of the late Lou Egerton and Mrs. Roland Wilberforc of Southwick House, Southwick Street W.2; she is engaged to Verno Harington, elder son of the late Hi Honour Edward Harington and Mr Harington, of 66, Onslow Gdns., S.W

Macgregor — Knapton

William Gerald Macgregor, only child of the late Lieut.-Col. P. A. Macgregor, D.S.O., and Mrs. Macgregor, of 18, Third Avenue, Hove, and Rosemarie Knapton, only daughter of the late Captain A. L. K. Knapton, R.N., and Mrs. Knapton, of 39, Selborne Road, Hove, were married at St. James's, Spanish Place

Bindloss — Adye

Commander E. C. Bindloss, son of Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Bindloss, of The Old House, Harrow, and Violet Adye, daughter of Brigadier-Gen. and Mrs. D. R. Adye, of Fitzwalter House, Colchester, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Williams — Brindle-Wood

Richard Godfrey Williams, second son of the late Comdr. Williams and Mrs. Williams, of 16, Cranmer Court, Sloane Avenue, S.W., and Irene Brindle-Wood, eldest daughter of Mr. Walter Brindle-Wood and Mrs. Brindle-Wood, of 186, Holland Park Avenue, W., were married at St. Peter's, Great Windmill Street

Tapper — Wright

Hugh Cecil Martin Tapper, only son of Canon and Mrs. Martin Tapper, of Brandesburton Rectory, Driffield, East Yorks., married Margaretta Mifanwy Wright at St. Mary's, Wotton. She is the only daughter of the late F. A. C. Wright and Mrs. Wright, of The Court, Wotton-under-Edge

Darley — Kekewich

Arthur Tudor Darley, only son of the late Comdr. A. T. Darley and Mrs. Oswald Hunt, and Sylvia Lilian Kekewich, only daughter of the late Captain Hanbury Kekewich and Mrs. D. Page Turner, of Hove, were married at St. Saviour's, Walton Street

Forbes — van Kriekenbeek

Archibald Finlayson Forbes, only son of the late Charles Forbes and Mrs. Forbes, of Johnstone, Renfrewshire, and Bina van Kriekenbeek, daughter of the late Major van Kriekenbeek and Mrs. Henry Wilding, of 37, Orchard Court, Portman Square, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

Newman — Stoneham

John Newman, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Newman, of The Old Kennels, Bishop's Stortford, Herts., and Margaret Stoneham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Stoneham, of Scotsburn, Tunbridge Wells, were married at Brompton Parish Church

Coatsworth — Readhead

At St. Michael's, Weston, South Shields, Harry Michael Coatsworth, of Roker, Sutherland, married Rita Readhead, daughter of Sir James and Lady Readhead, of Eastgarth, South Shields

Holder — Mackirdy

At Malmesbury Abbey, Wilts., Major Denzil Holder, Skinner's Horse, son of Captain A. Holder, late 12th Lancers, and Mrs. Holder, married Angela Mary Scott Mackirdy, daughter of Captain and Mrs. Scott Mackirdy, of Abbey House, Malmesbury

Gibb — Milne

Jocelyn Easton Gibb, second son of Sir Alexander and Lady Gibb, of Gruinard, Rossshire, and Elizabeth Milne, elder daughter of the late Dr. A. D. Milne and Mrs. Milne, of The Cottage, Bridgnorth, Shropshire, were married at St. Columba's, Pont Street

Brown — Johnstone

John Francis Brown, elder son of Colonel Sir John and Lady Brown, of Ecton Grange, Northampton, and Doris Johnstone, the actress daughter of Mrs. Johnstone, of 136, Alexandra Road, N.W., were married at the Chelsea register office

Searight — Walker

Rodney Gerald Searight, elder son of Lieut.-Col. J. G. L. Searight and Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke, and Sybil Vivian Walker, daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel H. S. Walker and Mrs. Walker, of 14, Gilston Road, S.W.10, were married at St. Mary, Boltons

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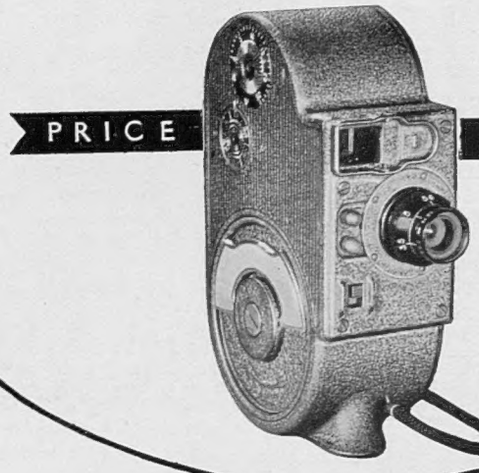

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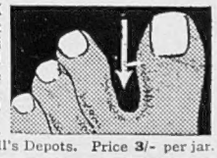

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